"The Master of the Craft," by Seward W. Hopkins, on Page 11

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"BACK! YOU'VE NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!" HE SHOUTED IN HIS BEST FRENCH.

UNDER WHATEVER NAME.*

BY ARCHIBALD THANE,

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CHAPTER I.

A BELATED FOREIGNER.

"IT won't take the lad long to cut his cable if he goes on sulking in this manner," remarks Beal, the first officer of the "San Pedro," as he leans over one of the pine tables of the Mason D'Or, the best café of which Port au Prince can boast. Outside the atmosphere is absolutely still. The intense blue of the sky above is intensified in its reflection upon the placid water of the harbor, which, with its encircling hills melting away into the grey and blue of the distance, are bathed in the dazzling light of the tropical sun.

As far as the eye can reach there are few signs of life or motion even amid the dazzling white walls of the little town.

For the present hour, and until such time as the westerly breeze shall set in, the listlessness of a summer day in the tropics holds perfect sway in the little harbor of Port au Prince, Island of Hayti.

Yet this is no less a date than the sixth day of August, 1889, and Balston Beal and his companions have been reminded of it half an hour ago by a white puff of smoke which jetted suddenly from yonder blue hill that flanks the promontory on the left, followed by the long-drawn shriek of a six-inch shell, easily followed by the eye as it rose in a majestic curve, until, pausing in mid-air, it fell with accelerated speed within the lines of the beleaguered city.

For the besieging forces of Hippolyte have already, for some ten days past, been drawing closer about the defenses of the Legitime goverment. To Anglo-Saxon eyes they are not pushing the attack with any great show of vigor. A shell such as the last might be counted, perhaps, once an hour—not oftener—each followed by some slight commotion in the section of the city where it falls—usually answered by a return compliment from the largest of the government warships, the "Toussaint L'Overture," which lies to the west of the city and nearest the scene of hostilities for that purpose.

This cautiousness on both sides is for the best of reasons: the followers of Hippolyte are husbanding their supply of ammunition, a prudence taught by their terrible experience at the defeat at the Cul de Sac a week or so before, while the party in possession of the capitol have not yet got the range of the insurgent lines.

What with the heat and the revolution, Port au Prince is certainly not a place in which one would look for the belated foreigner on this particular August day, and yet

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is represented on the neatly sanded floor of the Maison D'Or by no less imposing a personage than Balston Beal, in company with two persons of less importance—Terrence Mulholland and Owen Davage, respectively second officer and surgeon in the service of the International Navigation Company.

Beal speaks in confidentially low gutturals to Mulholland, and jerks his thumb significantly in the direction of the youngest of the trio, perhaps two or three-and-twenty, who lounges discontentedly in the deep embrasure of one of the café windows which commands a view of the principal street of the town—a view, to judge from his attitude and bearing, not over replete with entertainment.

This objectionable person, apart from the fact that he also wears the uniform of the International Navigation Company, has little in common with the bronzed seamen, his companions, for Owen Davage is only upon his first voyage as medical officer of the "San Pedro," which he has taken as a sort of constitutional settler after his late graduation from the New York Medical School, before undertaking more serious work.

"He ought to be thanking his lucky stars that we missed the tide this morning," Mulholland grunts. "It means another five hours shore leave, for which he might show proper gratitude, the beggar! Hello! what's he after now, I'd like to know?"

This last query is elicited by a low exclamation from the young fellow under discussion, whose listlessness of pose and manner has suddenly changed to a curious eagerness—his dark eyes fastened upon some object in the street below.

This interest is so far contagious that even the stolid Mulholland relinquishes the delights of his glass of native brandy and water and saunters lazily over to the window and its occupant.

Once there, however, he so far unbends from his attitude of studied indifference as to burst into a loud laugh, as he claps the unresponsive Davage upon the shoulder and calls back over his shoulder to Beal:

"I say, it's the same island beauty who was at the company's office this morning when we first landed. The one who came in with that dark-eyed monster, who looked as if he'd shoot any man who as much as looked at her."

"He's not with her now, then," Beal asks, as he joins the other two at the window. "I told you hours ago she wasn't a piece of his property. She's gotten rid of him as soon as she could. What were they at the office for, do you remember?"

"Engaging passage for the young lady and her father, if they can get on board in time early to-morrow morning. The dark-skinned ogre of a man put down the names on the ship's list, Monsieur and Mademoiselle De Lorme, and one other name which I have forgotten—the ogre's doubtless. I wonder what she's done with him since?"

The eyes of all three men are, as indicated above, fixed upon the figure of a young lady, who, although dressed with a quietness which seemed especially designed to avoid attention, makes, nevertheless, a striking picture, as, seated upon the back of a spirited bay mare, she rides slowly down the centre of the street nodding once or twice, in rather a queenly fashion, in answer to an uplifted sombrero upon the narrow sidewalk on either hand.

To Owen Davage, albeit a man who has had the entré of the best society of the American capital, the girl before him is a revelation in something more than mere physical beauty, though he admits candidly that even there he has not, as yet, seen her equal. There is something in the alert pose of the lithe figure, surmounted by the shapely head—something in the quaint touch of hauteur which pervades both that has a curious fascination for him. Her being, as she is, alone and unprotected, in a town which at present is the centre of a hostile military demonstration, would of itself have invested her with no small interest in his eyes. To a certain extent her simply being there seemed to give him a key to a character which, save in this, was a complete enigma to him. But various solutions of the mystery, which are being exchanged between the two men at his back, are peculiarly displeasing to him.

As for the girl herself—quite unconscious of this, in Davage's eyes, profane discussion of her destiny—she has already passed the open window of the café and, reaching the intersecting street which cuts the main thoroughfare on the right, abruptly turns the corner and disappears from the young man's view.

"She's turned north," Davage says to himself, thoughtfully, as he moves a little apart toward the open door. "She can't mean to go far in that direction; it's toward the firing."

Mulholland and Beal, less impressed, perhaps, than Davage at this possibility, have already reseated themselves at the café table and resumed their glasses. Davage deigns them only a glance of contemptuous pity as he turns slowly and saunters out into the street. The question at issue as to the lady's present destination seems to him quite a sufficient one to justify his walking half a block to see, any lack of energy in the accomplishment of that design being attributable to his dislike of the possible company of his two friends within.

But when he reaches the corner he was disappointed. Although the regular side street into which he turns was a long one, and for the locality remarkably straight, and although it gives him an unobstructed view of something over a half mile, Mademoiselle De Lorme is not within his range of vision.

"I may as well go on," he mutters to himself, discontentedly. "Anything's better than a further discussion of her by those fellows, and besides I'd better see something of the seat of war while I've got the chance. I wonder what those beggars are doing now; here goes anyway."

This laudable and newly born indifference does not prevent Mr. Davage from fully satisfying himself that the vision of Island Beauty lately his is no longer in the locality before he again moves on in the direction from which the firing is most general.

He is fully conscious, as he does this, that he is disobeying his captain's orders, who has been particular to avoid international complications by limiting his officer's leave to the immediate vicinity of the water front, and he is also conscious that he runs some personal risk should he fall in with any of the irregular soldiery of either of the contending parties. Perhaps it is a realization of both these facts which acts upon the young blood in Davage's veins as a gentle stimulant and which lends a certain piquancy to the expedition. Be that as it may, he keeps a sharp lookout as finally reaching the end of a few narrow and dirty streets, he reaches also a stretch of more open country which lies beyond the proper limits of the town itself. Beyond this point again a slight elevation promises a better view of some such possible warlike demonstration, as he has had in mind all the morning, and as he reaches its commanding summit after a brisk climb, he is destined to have his wildest dreams of war and revolution more than realized.

For from this elevated position he commands a wide range of fairly open country, while in the road which lies in the little valley just below him there rises an ominous cloud of smoke and dust through which occasional flashes of musketry fire indicate the near presence of the black, irregular forces of Hippolyte.

Davage unslings a ship's spy-glass which he has carried over his shoulder and watches them narrowly. No, there can be no doubt that they are coming his way, that the Government forces are being slowly pressed back upon the high road and that his present position will very shortly become a warm one. Quite satisfied with the spice of danger this afforded, Owen Davage emerges completely from his former discontent and settles down in a convenient position behind a huge boulder which rears itself at one side of the road to await events.

So intent is he upon the very momentous ones transpiring directly before him that it is with a start that five minutes later he awakes to the consciousness of approaching hoof beats upon the hard road in his rear—a very unpleasant consciousness, for he realizes upon the moment that this may mean very awkward complications for him—the possible unfriendly disposition of any newcomer in that quarter making a peaceful return extremely doubtful. Until the equestrian reaches the foot of the small hill upon which he stands the cloud of dust which envelops him prevents any estimate of his character or intentions, but once upon the harder gravel of the incline this encircling halo clears somewhat, and reveals to the astonished gaze of Davage the spirited figure of Mademoiselle De Lorme.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER FIRE.

At that short distance she cannot be unaware of the sharp crack of the musketry fire within a few hundred yards of her. Already two or three stray bullets had flattened themselves against his protecting rock, and one had scattered the gravel of the road within a yard of him. Yet Mademoiselle De Lorme has only slackened the speed of the beautiful mare she rides to a half canter, as she ascends the incline.

Under these circumstances there is no question in the young fellow's mind as to his course of action. He must stop her nearer approach to the point of danger at once, and without ceremony, and instinctively, he rises from his crouching position behind the sheltering rock and waves a restraining arm toward her, while at the same time he steps out into the middle of the road, effectually barring her further progress.

The girl has now fairly reached him. Removing his hat with a coolness which, perhaps, he does not feel, he has already opened his mouth to speak with an explanatory wave of his hand again in the direction from which already the distinct tramp of hurrying feet is audible, when the sharper crack or a rifle from a clump of bushes not more than a hundred paces from where they stood, and the whir of a bullet between himself and his companion, furnishes him with an argument more eloquent than words.

"Back! You've not a moment to lose," he shouted, in his best French. "There's a sharp skirmish going on below there and in another half minute you'd have been between the lines."

She has reined in the blooded mare within a yard of him, yet to his astonishment she shows neither the to be expected feminine fear nor any disposition to obey his orders. She is very calmly and somewhat critically, he thinks, surveying him with her large, dark eyes, a touch of the hauteur which he had noticed in her bearing an hour before just visible in her manner as she answers:

"And suppose for a moment that getting between the lines is my especial purpose—what then?"

She speaks in French of peculiar purity—a novelty in the island, quite lost upon the American, who is quite satisfied with the fact that he can understand her. But as to the voice, that is quite another matter. He would be something more or less than human if he did not notice its peculiar richness of intonation, albeit she speaks quickly and with perhaps a touch of displeasure at his interference.

For the rest, puzzled by her apparent indifference to the danger which lay before her, all this only increases the interest with which he regards the girl's strange personality—strange no less from her splendid beauty of the dark, rich type of Southern France than by the enigma of her being where she was at such a time.

But his overwhelming fear for her safety makes this impression of her the possession of only a moment, and he goes on anxiously:

"Except you intend your own destruction you can have no object in exposing yourself here. It matters very little which rabble yonder you consider friends or foes—you are likely to get a bullet from either at any moment. Therefore, I must insist—"

The slight frown on the girl's face deepens. A very close observer would find no difficulty in perceiving that Mademoiselle De Lorme has a powerful will of her own, and has been accustomed to see its decrees respected.

"If Monsieur will take the trouble to glance across the valley yonder," she says, wearily, as if perforce putting up with an argument which is unwelcome to her, "he can easily distinguish the roofs of an old plantation house which goes hereabouts by the name of Chateau De Lorme. When I left it this morning it was just within the Government lines, but I knew very well then that I ran some risk of its being outside of them before night. Knowing this, I was entrusted with a message of importance which I carried to the city yonder, and I am now on my way back with an answer. This trust was imposed upon me because it was considered safer in my hands than in those of another, and I am not likely to betray the confidence."

"But your going farther at this moment is as likely to be fatal to your trust as to yourself," Davage cries, impatiently, as he takes his eyes from the girl's face to throw a hasty glance behind him.

"There I disagree with you," she says, coolly, as, raising herself slightly in her saddle, she, too, follows the direction of his glance with eyes which, in spite of their feminine softness, are alert and penetrating. "The road is clear as yet, and a dash across to the high ground yonder is quite possible. I have given you the explanation I have," she goes on, with a rising impatience perceptible in her manner, "more because you seem to demand it than for any better reason. Yet when I tell you that it is in a matter of liberty or bondage, perhaps life and death, that I wish to deserve the confidence placed in me, I think I have said enough."

"Quite enough," Davage says, a trifle stiffly. "After that I can certainly detain you no longer or even force upon you any poor protection which I might be able to afford. I can only congratulate the men who have confided their safety to your care. In my country we usually reverse the process."

"You do them wrong," she answers, quickly, the blood mounting to her dark cheeks. "Gaston De Lorme knows well the position of his daughter, and would not risk a hair of her head unnecessarily—and for Gordon—"

"Ah! I was right, then; there is another man, though that was not the name I was expecting. Well, I congratulate him quite the same."

"He will doubtless appreciate it," she answers, with a touch of irony, though her color deepens; then, glancing at his uniform, "I am speaking to an officer of the American mail steamer, am I not?"

"Owen Davage, surgeon of the 'San Pedro,' at your service," that worthy makes answer, doffing his headgear for the second time.

"She sails to-morrow morning, they tell me."

"They have not misinformed you," he answers, grimly, and then adds, with a return of his late interest, "I understand we are to have the pleasure of Mademoiselle's presence on the voyage."

A moment later he would have given worlds to recall the hasty words he has uttered, as he sees her start and turn ashy pale—the first sign of human fear he has seen in her.

"You got this from the other officer whom we saw this morning?" she says, anxiously. "Dr. Despard was particular to impress them with the necessity of secrecy. They assured us it should go no further."

"Make your mind quite easy as to that," he says, reassuringly. "Our shipping list is not displayed in our front window, and the doctor's request will doubtless be observed. As a member of the ship's company I'm naturally an exception."

"I should have indeed managed badly were it otherwise," the girl answers, with some reassurance in her tone, as she looks at the honest face of young Davage, whose eyes are again on the road ahead of them. "And now I think the time has come for my dash across that bit of dazzling sunlight. Once on the other side of the ridge and there can be no stopping me this side of the chateau—and if—"

"And if you never reach it, what then?" Davage cannot refrain from asking.

The girl looks at him a moment doubtfully, as if uncertain how far she can trust him, and then answers, impulsively: "In that case take the wood path to your right yonder. It makes a long detour, but will lead you finally to the base of the rock on which the Chateau De Lorme stands. Tell both De Lorme and Gordon that the path to safety lies open to them and to lose not a moment in following it—within six hours it may be too late—do you understand?"

"Yes, I quite understand," he says, wonderingly. "But is there no other message of yourself?"

"No; they will understand," she says, smiling, "and now, Monsieur Davage, farewell. Your interference has been kindly meant, but I must not allow it to interfere with my designs."

Her last words would have prevented his laying a restraining hand upon her bridle if any lingering desire to detain her had remained in him, but it cannot prevent his heart lying very heavily against his honest ribs, as Davage sees the blooded mare spring forward under a light touch of Mademoiselle's hand, and the realization comes to him that her wild journey has begun.

That she had taken his ready acquiescence as to the no small service she had asked of him at parting, had not even waited to hear his answer, was only in keeping with the many contradictory impressions which this strange girl has left with him. Perhaps she who risked her own life so very easily for others would naturally look for a like self-forgetfulness elsewhere, yet Davage found himself wondering whether if his own life had stood in place of that of Gordon, she would have been as reckless of it as of her own. The query is more a sensation than a thought, for he is already at his old point of vantage behind the boulder anxiously watching the figure of the girl herself as it is borne by the spirited bay mare toward the point of greatest danger on the road below. She has already reached the foot of the hill and entered the stretch of level road at its foot. He sees at a glance that if she can pass this in safety her chances of success are good, but the stragglers from an irregular line of infantry have already nearly reached it in their retreat, and once out of the shelter of the woods upon their right they are not likely to hold the open even for the half dozen minutes required by Mademoiselle De Lorme. Already one or two of them have made their appearance in the open, fair types of the ragged soldiery of the tottering Government of Hayti. Apparently without officers, and with absolutely no pretense of discipline, their appearance is far from reassuring, and Davage's heart leaps to his throat as he notes that they have already caught sight of the girl. Absurd as the action may be, he instinctively springs from behind his protecting bould[illegible] and draws from his pocket the heavy navy revolver, but again he lowers it, for to his unutterable surprise he sees the now enlarged knot of stragglers in front of the advancing horsewoman draw to one side, while from the majority of their black, woolly heads such motley headgear as they may possess is raised amid the echo of a rallying cheer which reaches the ears of the astonished American.

Ignorant as he is of the interests of the contending factions, it is quite clear to Davage that Mademoiselle De Lorme has been recognized by the soldiers of Legitime, in whose Government he knows her father, Gaston De Lorme, holds high place, and any advantage which this may give her he is properly thankful for. But if she has reached her present position at the foot of the second rise, it is not a moment too soon. The shout raised by the advancing negro troops serves only to spur the high-mettled mare to the top of her speed as she begins the ascent, while for a moment a few random shots from the men behind her keep the pursuing enemy in check. But now they give way, plunging one after another into the thick acassia shrubbery on the right, their places taken almost instantly by their victorious pursuers.

The heat of the pursuit itself is, in fact, the largest factor in the possible escape of the reckless girl. Already the fleet-footed animal she rides needs but a short five minutes to reach the crest of the sharp incline, and so intent are the pursuers in the chase that perhaps half that space of time passes before they perceive the slight girlish figure clad in its close-fitting habit of white linen as it presses onward toward the goal. But then, at last, they see her.

Every sinew in his body seems tensely drawn as Davage notes two or three of the ruffianly looking lot stop in their mad career, shout to each other in their unintelligible patois and point toward this new object of interest. He knows now that her life hangs on the correctness of the aim of their old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets, which, he thanks Heaven, are notoriously of the worst.

But Davage is not the man to stand idly by. In that terrible moment he does the one thing which lies within his power to assist her. Once more raising his heavy revolver, he levels it across the stone breastwork before him, and, taking a careful aim, fires at the foremost of the throng below him. The sharp report and puff of white smoke do their work, though he is unaware whether the shot has taken effect or not. Two out of the three muskets leveled at the girl are lowered, as their respective owners turn to scan this new hiding place of their enemies. But the third bandit is not so easily diverted from his purpose. True, he pauses for a moment, but it is only to take better aim, and the echo of Davage's shot has not died away before a second rings out on the heavy air.

The American's eyes, riveted upon the gallant mare, see her spring lightly to one side in her upward course as the bullet strikes the white gravel at her feet and then plunge across the ridge and in a moment disappear behind it.

He cannot repress a shout of joy and defiance as he notes the victory, but an instant later he realizes that now, at last, he has his own safety to consider, for already half of the party in pursuit are moving toward his retreat, though somewhat cautiously, as if uncertain of the force that may lie concealed there.

Glancing behind him, Davage has no difficulty in measuring his distance to the entrance of the secluded path already indicated by Mademoiselle De Lorme—at present his only means of escape (for his return along the main road in the direction of the city is clearly out of the question) and he loses no time in moving hastily toward it. Fate to-day certainly is curiously entangling his destiny with that of Mademoiselle De Lorme. He must perforce take the road which leads toward the chateau, though the escape of its fair tenant from the clutches of her enemies has perhaps released him from her injunctions to do so.

He almost wonders himself, as he plunges through the tangled shrubbery, why his being on the quest he is fills him with such keen elation.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE CHATEAU DE LORME.

"There must be some limit to human patience. I can't stand this much longer," mutters Philip Gordon, as he impatiently paces the gravel walk which marks the limits of a small parterre laid out in an old French fashion.

The magnificent stretch of hill-girt harbor which lies at his feet, backed by the wooded heights, themselves crowned by the old chateau before which he stands, make up a scene of rare beauty which is seemingly lost upon this most unreasonable young man. The name "Chateau" (a name descended from a time when Hayti was ruled by one of the proudest races of Europe), is a trifle ambitious now to apply to the low, rambling building which straggles out half its length upon the brow of the hill, while it bestows the balance of its many ells and gables upon the rocky decline which leads thence into a deep ravine. But the old plantation house has, nevertheless, a dignity of its own, in keeping with its somewhat neglected, old-fashioned garden and parterre from one of the rustic benches of which Philip Gordon has just risen.

He is very young, not more than twenty-three at the most; tall and well made, and yet his heightened color, brought by the slight exertion as he paces restlessly to and fro under the thick foliage of the acassia trees which border the walks of the old parterre, argue recent recovery from illness as their only explanation. His brilliant, dark eyes, when he pauses to use them at all, are riveted alternately upon two objects, apparently of absorbing interest—the mail steamer, as she swings at anchor, and a certain bit of dusty highroad, which appears at the foot of the decline between masses of thick shrubbery, as it wends its way toward the Capitol.

The impatience expressed in every movement of his tall figure, in every line of his clear-cut features, is quite as expressive of the man as of the invalid. All his life long, until within these last three months, Philip Gordon has only had to express a wish to have it gratified. It is not given to many young fellows of three-and-twenty to find themselves well born, rich, possessed of a perfect physique, fair brain power and a host of friends, among whom they are deservedly popular, and above all to be very much their own master. And yet all these good things of the earth had been Philip Gordon's when he left college. Since then, as was only natural, he had followed his own fleeting fancies, which had led him to many strange parts of this small planet, and last, and most pregnant with results, had led him to Hayti in the early summer of this eventful year.

As a whole Philip Gordon is very far from quarreling with an expedition which, although it has ended by giving him six weeks of typhoid fever, has likewise given him his present footing in the hospitable home of Gaston De Lorme—a footing which in his own estimation was likely to change the entire course of his subsequent life and to insure to him a happiness of which until now he had never dreamed. As usual, it is with the necessary details of the working out of this desired result that Philip Gordon finds himself at war, and it is with these details that his brain is busy, as he paces restlessly along the fine gravel of the walk, or as he pauses to glance impatiently at the mail steamer or the high road—both grave factors in his calculations. Those calculations are so absorbing that he fails to notice an approaching footstep, nor becomes aware of the rather pervading presence of the owner of the chateau, until a hand is laid lightly on his shoulder, and a very pleasant voice remarks in pure French:

"What! Still brooding on the absence of Mademoiselle? Surely even the ardor of a lover might be content with an absence not likely to exceed three hours. She left home by ten o'clock; two hours have already gone, and the balance should be shortened by the benefit of my poor society."

The dark eyes with which he regards the young man are piercing, but the look he gives him is a kindly one. Being denied a male heir, M. De Lorme is proverbially ambitious for the well being of his daughter, and it would be a far from reasonable ambition which could not have accepted Philip Gordon. But there is a something deeper than gratified pride in the look he gives him now.

For his part, despite the impatience of the moment before, it is quite easy to see that Gordon returns the friendliness of the glance, as he answers, smilingly:

"I'm quite sure I should have your indulgence on a point of sentiment in that quarter, but, as you know, it is something more than her mere absence which has been tormenting me ever since she left. I blame myself for ever consenting to her going; it was no errand for a girl at such a time as this. There has been infantry fighting within a mile on our right all the morning. I could not locate it very well, for these cursed acassias shut out everything. For anything I can tell they may have reached the road, and if so—what?"

"Why, even in that case, which is within possibility, I admit, I should still trust to Mademoiselle's cool head and strong nerves," De Lorme answered, in the light tone he had first assumed, and then went on with a curious sudden changing manner. "Believe me, after a life spent very largely in her best interest, I would stake her life no more rashly than you—you, whose love for her I cannot for a moment doubt."

"Forgive me if for a moment I seemed to question it," Gordon said, holding out his hand, which the elder man grasped warmly, "but this expedition to the city in these times—surely the errand could have been done as well by you or me, or, for that matter, by any one of your numerous servants who are trustworthy and long in your service."

"On that point we differ, as once before," the older man says, as he seats himself upon the rustic bench and makes room for his younger companion beside him. "My own appearance in the city in communication with the captain of the American steamer would have been fatal to the carrying out of our design. Legitime's Secretary of State may be in a position to procure our necessary passports, but he can hardly make arrangements in broad day for his own departure from the country."

"But it is with Legitime's full consent and connivance that you have planned to go?"

"The last word is well chosen—connivance, yes; but the cause is too far gone already to weaken it any further by any known withdrawal of those in power. We will not be classed with the rats which leave a sinking ship if we can avoid it; not from any objection on our own part, but because we would not injure the insurance of the cargo. Do you follow my state craft thus far?"

"Well, if I do not, I am quite ready to take your word as far as concerns yourself, but none of these objections apply to me."

"And there, doubtless, I shall have a much harder task in convincing you," De Lorme answers, his former friendly smile returning to his firm lips, though it did not reach his eyes, which were just then fixed upon the sea in dreamy reverie.

Men said that Gaston De Lorme had been too ambitious for "the position in life to which it had pleased God to call him," and it was true that the retrospect which at this moment rose before him, as he chatted on with the young fellow at his side, was not devoid of bitterness. Belonging to one of the very few families of pure French blood (preserved miraculously through many a horrible black massacre since the year 1803), Gaston De Lorme had, some twenty years before this story opens, returned after passing several years at the Paris universities, a man of already European reputation in letters as well as politics. If the theatre of his native island had proved too small for him, none knew better than himself that it was now long past the time to remedy the mistake, as none knew better than he that his work here was nearly over.

If his calibre was not that of the petty office-holding class which surrounded him, he could forgive them, perhaps, for their lack of understanding. In one thing only was his character as clear as day. He had lost his wife after two short years of married life, and, having been denied a son, had lavished the intense affection of a warm, southern nature upon Antoinette De Lorme, his daughter. Even Gordon, with the egotism of a lover, knew that; yet, with a lover's egotism he wished to know more.

"You have not answered me," he said after a long pause. "Why could not I have gone?"

De Lorme started and made a little gesture of apology for his inattention.

"Well, to begin with, because you do not speak the patois of the island, and if you had fallen into the hands of the black soldiery of either party would have run a very good chance of being shot, because you could not explain yourself. You may remember that when I picked you up at the hotel in Port au Prince three months ago, you were not getting on favorably with the language. You would speak in French; they would answer in patois, and then you would swear at them in English."

"In other words, you doubted my discretion," Gordon said, dubiously, though he joined in the laugh which showed itself under De Lorme's heavy mustache.

"To a certain extent—yes," the elder man said, not unkindly; "which is not so very hard on you, either, for I should doubt most people's discretion just now except Antoinette's."

The mention of the name brought back the train of thought which had possessed him all the morning. Would this young fellow of whom, after all, he knew so little, prove to her all that he had promised, and yet he was going to stake upon his inherent belief in him not only his daughter's life happiness, but his own entire future, a confidence shown by few men even to the intimacy of a lifetime.

Gordon had thrown himself listlessly upon the garden seat by De Lorme's side, his eyes again upon the bit of high road visible below them, utterly unconscious of the intensely searching gaze fixed upon him by the dark eyes of the Haytien, utterly unconscious of the momentous question passing in the Haytien's mind. And for that reason, perhaps, he stood the test.

"I can trust him through life and death," De Lorme says to himself. "He bears the stamp of a man above cupidity in every line of his face and figure—a man who would fight for his own honor, and for mine if it were linked with his. In taking Antoinette he has never dreamed that he has taken a fortune beside which his own would be counted paltry, and for the best of reasons he has never known the value of money, for he has never known the lack of it. Yes, I have done well, but I shall have done better still when my confidence is complete."

"Hark! they are firing again," Gordon cries, as he springs from the bench and points to a fresh jet of white smoke just visible against the black sides of the "Toussaint L'Overture," "and the infantry fire has increased, too, and—they are coming this way!"

"They are not likely to cut us off. The chateau is not a point they covet, as it is quite out of range from the city," De Lorme answers, coolly, as he glances carelessly in the direction of Gordon's outstretched finger. "But, be that as it may, I am not sorry that we leave here so soon. For myself, I have many associations with the place. I have spent the best years of my life here and have buried some of my best hopes in the soil. Antoinette's mother sleeps in the little cemetery at the foot of the ravine, and these will be hard to leave, but I know my time has come; somehow I have a presentiment that I need not take much count of the future. As far as it can be left in earthly hands it will be left in yours."

"In mine?" Gordon's question had a not unnatural tone of surprise in it, but he pressed the other's proffered hand with ready sympathy.

"Yes," De Lorme went on, slowly, his eyes once more upon his companion's face. "Three weeks ago, when you and Antoinette had learned your love for one another and you asked her of me, I did not hesitate, though, as I told you, there had been other plans made for her from her babyhood. Felix Despard had for years been our near neighbor—a man of pure French blood like our own, a man of culture and position, a man in the eyes of our world here in every way suitable. There had been an understanding between Despard and myself for many years that if when she reached her present age she should so consent, she should be his wife. And yet when you came and she nursed you through your illness, and later, as I say, when I saw she loved you, and you her, there was not a moment's hesitation in my answer. I was quite sure that her own heart had guided her aright, and for yourself I had conceived something more than a mere liking—a confidence which has remained unshaken."

"You have done me no more than justice there," Gordon said, the color mounting to his face. "You have given her to me, and I will devote my life to her and to her service."

"That I believe you I am going to more than doubly prove," De Lorme said, smiling. "I am going to put upon your young shoulders an additional responsibility, which, though not so sacred as your care of her, will be sacred also, as it will belong to her."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 40.]

DEAD.

[*Written for the New York Ledger.*]

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

He grew to her what God alone should be
To any human heart;
He taught her soul its fond idolatry,
Then told her they must part.

He said "I have decided 'tis not well
That we should meet again."
He spoke without a tear, or sad heart-swell,
Without one sign of pain.

How could he such a deadly sentence speak
To one he once had loved?
And while her tortured heart seemed like to break
How could he sit unmoved?

She tried to hold him with her feeble hands,
She tried her cause to plead;
He frowned, and silenced her by his commands;
He would not hear or heed.

The love of man is but a sudden flame,
Fitful, and fierce and red;
Leaving within the heart from whence it came
But ashes cold and dead.

TWINS CELEBRATE 93rd BIRTHDAY.

At Ridgeville, Ind., August 31, John and Richard McGriff, the oldest twins in the United States,—probably in the world—celebrated their ninety-third birthday. They are the sons of John and Nellie McGriff, and were born in what is now Darke County, Ohio, August 31, 1804.—Indianapolis Journal.

City of Guatema[illegible]

BY GUISEPPE ANTONA.

The city of Guatemala is situated in the temperate zone, or "tierra templada," at the northern extremity of an extensive and fertile plain about 4,500 feet from the level of the sea, the climate being a continuous spring.

It has a quadrilateral form, and in the early time it was for more safety surrounded by walls. Considering the small number of inhabitants, the city occupies a vast area, but that is owing to the magnificent gardens with which every house is surrounded, and also the spacious squares which garnish the city.

Wide and well-kept streets add to the natural beauty, and good sanitary regulations have introduced sewers throughout the town and furnished it with water brought from a distance of fifteen miles, a work that cost the progressive community more than two millions of dollars.

A most interesting visit in the early morning is to the city market, situated in the centre of the town, adjacent to all the public buildings, such as the municipal building, the Government building, the theatre and the cathedral.

The numerous stalls are filled with productions both domestic and foreign; baskets, bird cages, cigarettes, shoes, saddlery, rebosas of silk and cotton, filled one aisle; while another was devoted to tropical fruits and vegetables—rich, brown sapotes, mangoes, bananas, oranges, limes, lemons, cocoanuts, custard apples, yams, chiles and tomatoes, while at intervals flower-sellers and bird and meat sellers offered their wares.

A fact impressive is that all of these merchants are women—women with fine, large, black eyes, and an eternal smile upon their lips; women with skin like a faded magnolia leaf and ebony-colored hair, half covered by the never-missing rebosa. Their striped petticoats are of the liveliest colors—red, green and blue; some wore a corset, but more abandon their bosoms to the voluptuous white shirts common to the country.

They are vigorous and healthy, and look like so many Greek women of ancient times, as with sympathetic invitation they coax one to buy the goods they are selling.

Perhaps the most magnificent view the town affords is from one of the cathedral towers upon a clear evening. By a corkscrew staircase one enters the entrails of the dark tower, and after ascending the 250 steps illuminated by the meager light of the entrance door, and of the small opening, which from the top tries in vain to unite with that of the ground floor, one finds himself confronted by the huge clock which adorns the tower, and contemplating a splendid panorama that will never desert his memory while life shall last.

East the ground undulates away in rich fields of maguey, and the dark green of the coffee trees, until far beyond it loses itself in a mahogany forest; to the south lie the ruins of Antigua, the name by which the remains of the buildings left from the first earthquake are known; north and west the Sierra Madre, like a true mother, stretches out her powerful arms through Guatemala, mitigating, with her snow-capped heights, the ardent heat of that tropical sun.

Guatemala is no longer an almost unknown country. The pen and pencil of historians, explorers and artists have caught and held her dense, luxuriant forests, her picturesque lakes and her green slopes and glens and given to the world their beauties, and with the fresh breath of foreign life has come the untrammeling of old faiths and superstitions, a strong wind which changes the glories of the past to the glories of the present, and strengthens as it foretells in whispers the glories of the future.

The best lies yet before Guatemala, although she has had in her history men of remarkable progressive energy, such as Francisco Morazan and José Rufino Barilias, and last, but not least, the present President, J. M. Reina Barrios, all of whom have made powerful efforts to put their country on the road to advancement and civilization, and in the free schools of the country may be observed crowds of eager, active scholars with the bright glance of awakened intelligence in their eyes, and an intellectual development which promises ably for the next generation.

CLEANLINESS.

We have frequently insisted upon the necessity for absolute cleanliness, in favor of which too much cannot be said. Cleanliness covers a large part of sanitary labor. Cleanliness that is purity of air, cleanliness that is purity of water, cleanliness in and about the house, of the person, of dress, of food and feeding, in work, in habits of individual man and woman, cleanliness of life and conversation, purity of life, temperance—and by the latter we mean moderation—all these are in man's power. The clean man or woman will, other things being equal, be the healthy one. Modern knowledge of bacteria has given enormous impetus to cleanliness in medicine. Surgeons now disinfect their instruments more carefully than ever, so as not to have them carry infection to their patients.

LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "At a Great Cost," "A Conqueror of Fate," "Little Kit."

[*"LOVE, THE CONQUEROR" was commenced in No. 32. Back numbers of the Ledger, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XV.

IN this new and utterly unexpected trouble that had arisen to darken the horizon of her life, Consuelo felt something of her old spirit of self-reliance and proud courage come back to her. She never closed her eyes during that long, weary night after her interview with Sir Cosmo. The man's manner toward her came back to sting her a little more and more sharply. But for her parting with Ellaline, and for the real vexation, and in a sense sorrow, this breakdown of his kind scheme must give to Owen Tudor, Consuelo felt that she would be almost glad when she was finally out of all touch with Cosmo Greatorex. His attitude, explained now as it was supposed to be, still had something in it that hurt Consuelo in a peculiar fashion. She felt with that returned thrill of her old spirit that she had had at least some satisfaction of having broached the subject of her departure herself, and not in having waited for Sir Cosmo to work her dismissal; but gradually this faint satisfaction, together with her courage, went from her. As early dawn crept into the place of night, the girl dropped into a short sleep of exhaustion, from which she woke with a nervous and racking headache, and a sensation of weakness and illness throughout her whole frame. In such a condition, it was a foregone conclusion that her mind should begin to torment her, as Owen Tudor had feared, with all sorts of harassing suggestions and painful thoughts. The knowledge that had been thrust upon her so suddenly assumed a worse aspect in such a mood than even it had worn the day before. To her peculiarly sensitive nature, the curious experience that had fallen upon her was nothing less than a calamity; one, too, from which she felt she might never be freed. She had a terrible lost feeling upon her. Had Owen Tudor been in London, his sharp yet most kind tongue might have given her the encouragement, the consolation she needed; but with this helpful friend so far away, Consuelo had to combat once again that inconceivably painful sensation of being utterly alone in the world; a loneliness, in fact, worse than that which she had already experienced, since this matter of the past stood perpetually in the pathway of the future.

She was so exceedingly unwell when the breakfast hour came that she had to send a message to Margaret Greatorex begging to be allowed to stay in her room for a while, and when the other girl came to offer sympathy and any help in her power, she found Consuelo almost prostrate. Kindness was not lacking in poor Dick Greatorex's sisters, and Margaret showed to Consuelo the same consideration and tenderness she gave to her mother.

"You are not to dream of getting up," she said, looking with sincere pity at Consuelo's white face and black-shadowed eyes. "How I wish Uncle Owen were here! Everything and everybody seems to need him."

She kept back from Consuelo for the moment the news that Mr. Tudor could not possibly be in London again for several weeks, at least. He had written a short note to this eldest girl announcing that by some ill chance he had met with an accident, had violently strained the tendons of his leg, and was at that moment lying on the flat of his back, a most unwilling and, he feared, a very bad-tempered invalid.

"You must send me news privately of my three patients, for Miss Featherstone is not yet out of my hands," he wrote in this note. "In fact, she needs quite as much care as either your mother or Ellaline."

In the face of this statement, Miss Greatorex felt it would be wiser to tell Consuelo nothing that might worry her till the fury of this nervous headache had abated. She was sure that Consuelo would be just as disappointed as Ellaline was over this prolonged absence of one so essential to them all. Margaret Greatorex could hardly have imagined how much trouble this news would give our poor heroine; she was not to guess that, as she lay there with racking brows, Consuelo was counting with eagerness for the moment to arrive when she should see Owen Tudor again. It was he, and he alone, who might perchance help to drive away some of that black cloud of mystery. She had obtained the very barest information from Nurse Margaret, who, seeing the girl's intense agitation, felt it wise to say as little as possible. In truth, she had been much dismayed that this should have happened during Mr. Tudor's absence.

"Yes, you went from here, as your cousin writes to you, the day following your arrival from your old home, and you were brought back here again by Mr. Tudor several weeks later. But I can tell you absolutely nothing about these intervening weeks, nor can I tell you," the good woman had said, prevaricating a little, "where or how Mr. Tudor happened to find you. All I do know is that you were undoubtedly very, very ill, and gave us all a great deal of anxious thought. Why do you trouble about this so much, my dear? Be sure your memory will return to you as soon as you are completely strong again. It is a frequent occurrence, this lapse of remembrance. Mr. Tudor will set you right as soon as he is home. Now, leave all sorts of worrying ideas behind you. You will make yourself ill again if you begin to fret."

Consuelo thanked her whilom nurse with a fugitive smile.

"Alas!" she said, "I am of a nature that must worry under certain circumstances. I am sure you—you are right, and this blank time will be given back to me; but—" She broke off, and was silent a moment; then she rose to go. "The matter can have its disastrous side for me," she said then, in a very low voice, and she said this more to herself than to her listener. Afterward, as she was walking home, the question of the immediate future had broken upon her fiercely. Now all was explained, and Cosmo Greatorex's attitude became at once comprehensible! Thought flashed hurriedly on thought, and, meeting him in the very moment of this most painful discovery, Consuelo had taken the initiative and had herself divided herself from the new life Owen Tudor had given her.

During that long first day after her meeting with this small portion of the truth, Consuelo was too ill to move, but the brain worked incessantly. She would remain on a day or two, as she had promised Sir Cosmo, but after this brief time she must go. It hurt her proud heart to feel bound to remain even so long. She had no intention this time of rushing out alone into the world as she had done on the other occasions. Duty and gratitude demanded that she should study Owen Tudor in this, quite apart from the fact that he, and he alone, had it in his power to dispel this trouble, if not altogether, at least to a very great extent. She would take counsel with Nurse Margaret, and obtain from this source the name of some place where she could make her home till she had settled what her future was to be. Consuelo shrank from parting with Ellaline; she knew the child would be unhappy at her going, and would ply her with questions, but she tried to brace up her courage for everything. Sometimes she turned to the thought of good, faithful Sarah as her haven in this new crisis, but Henry Rennie had told her (what Sarah had held back) that misfortune had fallen, in a sense, upon the Drewitts since their master and mistress had gone, and though Consuelo knew she would have given untold joy to the dear, good soul who had loved her from babyhood, if she had turned even for a while to that humble home in Linkport, she resolved such a course was not for her to take. Indeed, she hardly knew in this moment what path to look to in the future. The many feelings that had crowded her heart when she had left Linkport and started out for the first time on her journey into the world alone had no place with her now. She felt weary and heart-oppressed. As she lay on her pillow vainly trying to still thought in that long day of nervous prostration and suffering, there came to her now and then vague memories of some time when she had sought assiduously and sought in vain for some occupation, and those intangible memories seemed to account for the weariness that swept over her when she turned to the question of what lay before her. Yet, when she would have traced these memories to a more definite source, they vanished as strangely as they had come, and she was left with that painful, baffled sensation of one who gropes in darkness and can find no glimmer of light anywhere. For the first time the noble spirit of the girl faltered, and the precepts that her father had taught her seemed to fade a little from their former strength. This was but a temporary phase, however, and a most natural one, and when the hour of physical weakness had passed a little, Consuelo would emerge from the weary, doubting mood, and turn once again to that spirit of faith and those convictions that had upheld her already in a time of sorrow, loneliness and darkness.

* * * * * *

To get Henry Rennie to London was not a difficult matter for Sir Cosmo to accomplish. It only needed a little tact and invention; the invention as to the reason he should assign for summoning the young man; the tact, in using Isabel to help him in this matter. He wrote to her indeed, and not to Rennie.

"I have been wondering if your brother might not care to buy some of poor Dick's horses. They will be at Tattersall's next week, and there is one in particular that commends itself to me as the very thing for Rennie. I should buy it myself, but am unfortunately a trifle overweighted nowadays. These horses, together with his yacht, a few odds and ends of valuable pictures (bought at random, of course, for the poor lad hardly knew the canvas from the frame), and some dozens of rare wine will all be sold off this week. I am hoping the sale will realize a fairly good sum, for I have arranged that this will go to poor Lady Greatorex, and you will understand how eager I am to let the money mount to a decent sum. If Rennie would care to have a look at the horse I have spoken about, he might run up the latter part of this week."

Cosmo Greatorex had not studied Isabel's character for nothing. It was enough to suggest to her that he was acting with unusual generosity over the matter of this sale to enlist her on his side. He knew she was averse, as a rule, to Rennie spending too much money, but if the money spent on the purchase of this horse would be in a sense to benefit himself, he felt convinced the horse would be bought.

His letter was answered by a telegram from Rennie, who announced that he would be in town on the Saturday. This was the day that Consuelo was leaving her care of Ellaline, and was going to the lodgings to which Nurse Margaret had recommended her. Sir Cosmo had cautiously avoided all scenes with Ellaline. He had written to Lettice Greatorex a letter putting his own goodness so much to the fore that even a differently constituted woman must have been touched by it. In this letter Sir Cosmo had quietly announced Miss Featherstone's departure: "Acting for you as I do, my dear Lettice, in the real spirit of a brother and devoted friend, I have considered it wiser that Miss Featherstone should be replaced. She is in herself an inoffensive young person, I grant, but the circumstances attached to her are so peculiar that until they have been properly investigated I do not feel she is in her proper place as companion to Ellaline and your other girls. Had Mr. Tudor consulted me, I should have opposed Miss Featherstone's engagement most strenuously, and in acting as I am now doing, though it is contrary to his views, I have the satisfaction of knowing I am doing what is right."

Lady Greatorex, it need hardly be said, fell at once into Sir Cosmo's views.

"Owen is all very well, but he does the most extraordinary things," she said, fretfully, to her eldest daughter. "Imagine letting a girl of this kind come here! We may be paupers now, but we have not lost social caste. Your uncle Cosmo is our only real friend, after all."

But Margaret Greatorex did not go with her mother.

"I wish all the world were as good and true in their friendship as Uncle Owen, mother," she said, in answer to this; "and I do wish Uncle Cosmo had chosen a better time for sending Miss Featherstone away Poor little Ellaline has already made herself ill with crying. I don't think, mother," the girl added, gently, "that Uncle Cosmo is too kind in what he says about Miss Featherstone. Remember, she did not come to us on false pretenses. Uncle Owen told us all there was to tell about. I—"

But Lettice Greatorex stopped all further argument by bursting into her chronic flood of tears. It was her one weapon, and she used it on all occasions. Grief (and it cannot be denied that her grief was deep) had served to increase her selfishness and all the many other peculiarities of her nature. Her girls, though they loved her dearly, found her at times very difficult to handle. But they humored her perpetually, she was so pathetically pretty and so pathetically helpless, and so unfit for argument or struggle of any sort. Thus, though the justice in Margaret Greatorex's young heart rebelled against the fiat that was driving Consuelo away, she forced herself to accept the position, and she set herself the task of comforting Ellaline as best she could. She was very, very sweet to Consuelo.

"We want you to feel you are going quite against our wishes," she said, not once but many times, and frequently also she urged Consuelo to wait till Owen Tudor was back.

"He will be home, surely, in another fortnight. If you will only decide to stay, I will speak to Uncle Cosmo."

Consuelo kissed her, but her delicate face had flushed.

"I am sure if you were in my place you would do as I am doing," she answered. It was not her province to say a word against Cosmo Greatorex, neither had she any desire to do so.

"I am sure I should," the other girl replied, promptly; "but then I am not at all sure that everything I do is right. And then I am thinking of little Lili; she will fret so much, I fear. Besides, you are not at all fit to go into lodgings by yourself. I feel sure that Uncle Owen will be dreadfully upset when he hears of all this."

But Consuelo could only smile faintly and shake her head. She was not untouched by these arguments; indeed, Margaret's sympathy and trouble about her were very sweet to her; but the matter had gone beyond her, as it were, and much as she shrank from parting with these girls, she nevertheless felt she would be easier in her mind when she was quite away from all chance of contact with Cosmo Greatorex. She could, with very little difficulty, have given way to the physical weakness that had beset her again, but the knowledge that she must be strong, strong to think and act for herself, and the knowledge that she must shape her future independently, since Mr. Tudor would not be near at hand to counsel or comfort her, held up her will and gave her a touch of extra energy. Could she but have guessed that a stronger will than her own was engaged in anxiously weaving a web to wind about her future life, Consuelo would have gone from her home with the Greatorex family with even a sadder heart than that which beat in her breast as she drove away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A full account of Consuelo's departure was written out to Owen Tudor by Ellaline. The little girl took no pains either with her spelling or composition; she just poured out the anger and the sorrow that filled her heart indiscriminately, and her words carried much trouble to Owen. By the same post he received a brief note from Consuelo herself, and one from Nurse Margaret, and in a few moments he was as conversant with the situation as though he had been on the spot. It is to be feared Mr. Tudor expressed himself pretty strongly on this subject. He was, in fact, more upset than he could well have described, and it was Ellaline's spontaneous little outburst that afforded him the most food for thought. Owen lay and regarded his bandaged leg with gloomy irritation, and his thoughts became in time tinged with some amazement. He puzzled himself to find some clue as to why or wherefore Cosmo Greatorex had acted so cruelly toward this girl. Sir Cosmo's attitude made the matter difficult to understand, for by this time Owen was pretty well assured that poor Dick's successor had a good motive for everything he did. That he held strong feelings of objection toward Consuelo was now very apparent (Ellaline's letter put this before him quite clearly), but why Cosmo Greatorex should hold any feelings at all for this young creature was what Owen could not fathom. The more he thought on the matter, the more convinced he was that something, what, he knew not, lay behind this pretense of finding a fault that had no existence.

Owen knew the man had no love for himself, and it might have occurred to him to attribute this action on Sir Cosmo's part to a desire to annoy him, had he not recalled to himself with half a smile the fact that he was of so much real help to poor Lettice Greatorex that Cosmo was far more likely to do something to please than to vex him.

He was at all times an impatient invalid, but never had he so chafed at the confinement enforced upon him as now. His spirit yearned to carry him away from this sunny corner of the South back to London, with its fogs and frosts and east winds. He troubled over Consuelo in a manner that brought before him for the first time the undoubted fact that he cared far more for this girl and what befell her than he had been in the least aware of. Even his affectionate anxiety for Lettice and her girls dwindled beside the pained eagerness that thrilled him on to set himself the task of giving this other girl the perpetual care and freedom from sorrow that should have been her lot.

He was deeply touched by her determination to do nothing this time that could be misconstrued by him or could annoy him.

"I will wait till you come home. Then I pray you may be able to lift this cloud from me, if only in a small degree," Consuelo had written in her note; and she had added gently how much it grieved her to feel she had been compelled to forsake the duties he had found for her. Having studied her so closely, Owen could read to the full the bitter weight of the mental pain she was suffering. It was, as we know, what he had expected to happen should the truth be brought to her, but it hurt him none the less to realize.

He wrote her back a letter so kind as almost to be tender. "I command you," he said, "to take no definite step of any sort or description till I return. This obedience I claim from you as my due, and I know you will not disappoint me. I hope I may very speedily set to rout all your imaginations. I wish from my heart I were in town now, or that I had never come abroad, and this I say honestly, although I cannot fail but be gratified that my professional visit to my good old friend has resulted in such unqualified success."

To Ellaline he wrote a loving little letter, and to the practical, kind-hearted woman at the nursing home he commended Consuelo as a daily care. He took himself sharply to task for not having prepared himself for some news from Mrs. Elgood, but, in truth, he had forgotten his letter to her altogether.

"The fact is, with all my boasted cleverness, I am a bit of a fool!" he told himself.

The days passed very slowly with him after this. The injury to his knee was obstinate. Of course, he could at his own risk undergo the fatigue of the long journey from Nice to London; but his doctors were very averse to his doing anything of the kind. So Christmas came and went, and it was quite the middle of January before Owen Tudor found himself once again in the roar of the London traffic. Even then he walked lame, and he looked a little shrunken and thin. He had had frequent news of Consuelo through Nurse Margaret, but the girl herself had not written again, not even when he had sent her a large box of flowers, timed to reach her on Christmas morning, and he had a little lurking sensation of hurt as he told this to himself. It was evening when he arrived in London, and he could not go to see her till the next day. He had a long chat with Nurse Margaret about her instead. There was quite a jubilant air about Martha as she had opened the door to admit him; it was evidently her opinion that the world would go round in its proper way, now Mr. Tudor was home.

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The nurse's account of Consuelo's health disturbed Owen greatly.

"She is very, very delicate, Mr. Tudor," the woman said, gravely. "Undoubtedly this mental trouble is seriously affecting her. She seems to grow whiter and thinner every day. The very thought of such a fragile young creature having to earn her daily bread is painful. Has she no relatives who would be kind to her? She needs a home and constant care. For my own part," Nurse Margaret said, frankly, "I should like to see her married, with some good man to give her the care that is absolutely necessary to her."

Owen said nothing to this. The words were simple ones, but they seemed all at once to have an extraordinary significance to him; they changed by this significance the aspect of the future, not for Consuelo only, but for himself. He went to his shabby bachelor home after that long chat with Nurse Margaret, and the shabbiness and loneliness of this home, the emptiness of his daily life, smote upon him for the first time. He sat by the table and left his letters unopened and his supper untouched. His mind was busy painting pictures—strange, exquisite pictures full of a beauty and of a peace he had never had in his thoughts till now. He trembled a little as his pictures grew and grew, and the soft fragrance of their influence crept more surely into his heart. His eyes held so clear a memory of Consuelo that he seemed to see her whichever way he might look. She smiled at him in her grave, sweet fashion as the central figure of each one of these pictures, and the beauty and soul in her eyes woke still a new thrill in his heart.

Nurse Margaret's calm statement about the girl came back, however, swiftly, to make that heart sink, too, with anxious fear. He was prepared to find her changed when he saw her on the morrow. She had not been too strong when she had first taken up her work with Ellaline; but hope and the pleasure of feeling that her life was no longer empty or desolate had given her a touch of renewed health. Now this hope would be gone, and in its place would have come the perpetual questioning, the struggling for light and remembrance, and what vitality she had by constant care recovered must speedily pass from her again. Nurse Margaret was right; she was utterly unfit to stand alone in the world. Few women in Owen Tudor's estimation were fit to fight the battle of life; here and there, of course, an exception was to be made, but the majority of the girls and women who rush in the present day hotly into the throng and bustle of the working world were, so Owen always maintained, physically unfit for so arduous an existence, and of all those whom fate had thrown in his path, and to whom he had ministered; none were so utterly misplaced in a career of bread-winning labor as Consuelo. He seemed to know her so well now, to understand her character absolutely. Little by little he had drawn from her the details of her placid past; she had lost herself at odd times in dwelling upon that ended story, and her sadness and loneliness passed from her in those moments when she had spoken with such tender eloquence of her noble-hearted father and all his work. She was to Owen now as a child whom he had known all his life—dearer to him than any other human creature. The dream he had dreamed long ago, when Lettice Greatorex and he had been boy and girl together, had always had something of unreality about it—something of uncertainty; for even love had not been able to blind the man's eyes to the true nature of the creature he had sought to make his wife in those past days. Moreover, this old dream had been in a sense forced upon Owen, for he had grown up with his cousin's lamentations over her miserable lot ringing perpetually in his ears, and his quick, chivalrous nature had risen in response to Lettice's cravings, urging him on and on in his profession so that riches might come to him and she might have the life she sighed for. The love that Consuelo had brought into his heart so convincingly yet so unexpectedly was born of every opposite factor to those which had constituted his first romance. Here he had no selfish, vain nature to deal with; the aims and hopes of Consuelo's heart were none of them based, as Lettice's had been, on self-aggrandizement and a desire for luxury or pleasure; the difference between the two characters, indeed, could hardly have been more marked, and as the man in this hour of retrospection and self-examination set these two loves that had come to him side by side, he saw in one glance which was to him the sweeter and in every sense the best.

He turned from the ecstasy of hope after a while to more practical things. He had no grand home to offer her, but would she be frightened by that? His position was daily growing more valuable; freed, in fact, from the self-elected care of Lettice and her family, he would have been moderately wealthy: It would be easy for him to start a modest establishment, and all that a man's thought and loving care could do to beautify life for the woman he loved should be done for her.

But dared he speak? There were so many years between them when he remembered her youth; he felt almost an old man! and, again, she was so proud. He did not let vain hope delude him as to imagine that because he loved her she must love him. Sorrowful and alone as she was, she had yet the world before her to choose from, and her beauty was such that no station could be too high for her.

Dare he speak? The question pressed on him so heavily, he felt he could hardly breathe. He resolved to cease arguing with himself. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of food, and then he drew the budget of letters toward him. He read through his correspondence steadily, making a note on the back of most of the letters. Then midway in his task he came upon an envelope that seemed to carry with it a suggestion that its contents would be of a disturbing nature. He opened it hurriedly, and his feeling deepened as he glanced at the signature. The letter was from Henry Rennie; it was written from a London hotel. It was a curious letter for Rennie to write—for Owen Tudor to receive. "I come to you as a suppliant," were the opening words. "Perhaps it may not be difficult for you to guess my meaning. Weeks ago I think you must have known the secret of my heart. I love Miss Featherstone; I have loved her from the first moment I met her; I desire to make her my wife. I have spoken to her, but she will give me no decided answer till she has spoken with you. She seems to feel that you, who have done so much for her, must be consulted before she takes any fresh step in life. I have yielded to her wish in this, for I, too, recognize how much she owes you; but I come to you to plead my cause. She is dearer to me than life itself, and it is anguish to me to know she is alone in the world, forced to look for work in her weak health, and burdened with a perpetual anxiety. If she comes to me, she shall have all that money and a man's devotion can give her. I am very rich, and I lay all my wealth at her feet. She does not turn from me; indeed, I believe, if you advise her, she will give me the answer I crave, and make me the happiest man in creation!"

Owen laid down the letter. There was more to read, but he had read enough. He closed his eyes, and he shivered once or twice. He was saying farewell to his new-born hope. Joy and he had met for an instant—now there would be no more joy. It was not the moment for thought of self to claim; he was a man who loved, and he saw all at once that life as Henry Rennie could give it to her was what she ought to have; what he could never give her. In every sense of the word this marriage was desirable. He shrank suddenly with a feeling as of physical pain, as he set himself and the future he could have given her in contrast with Rennie's offer. On the morrow he would see her, and he would at once counsel her to become this other man's wife!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 40.]

SIGNS OF APOPLEXY.

What are you to do when a person is suddenly struck down with apoplexy? Undo the things about the neck, especially the shirt collar and necktie. Have the windows opened so as to admit plenty of fresh air and cool the room. Place the patient in an easy chair, and let him remain in a half-recumbent position, or put him on the bed, or on the floor, with his head well supported. The less he is moved the better, but take care to see that the head is raised. Sponge the head with the coldest water you can get, and send for ice. When the ice comes, put it in a bag and apply it to the head, cutting short the hair if long. It is necessary to have the bowels opened, and as the patient cannot swallow, put three drops of croton oil right at the back of the tongue, when it will run down. You will have no difficulty in doing this, and can use the end of a pen or a little brush if necessary. Apply mustard poultices to the calves of the legs. Keep the patient absolutely quiet. This is all that is to be done; in fact, the danger is of doing too much rather than of enough. Make sure that the patient is in reality suffering from apoplexy, and not from opium poisoning or drink. Blisters applied to the scalp or back of the neck are as a rule to be avoided. Supposing the patient to recover from the fit, great care will be required to prevent a second attack. People who have a predisposition to apoplexy should carefully avoid excessive exertion, violent mental emotion, overindulgence in eating or drinking, exposure to extremes of temperature, straining, long-continued stooping, tight collars or neckties and very warm baths. It is important to observe a moderately spare diet, which should be almost free from alcoholic drinks. Heavy meals at long intervals are to be particularly avoided. Sleep should be sought with the head high, on a mattress rather than on a feather-bed, in a cool, well-ventilated room, and for not more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. Daily exercise should be taken in the open air, but over-fatigue should be avoided.

SHERIFF ATTACKED BY A ROOSTER.

Under Sheriff George H. Baldwin is suffering from injuries from an attack of a large three-year-old Plymouth Rock rooster, which is a member of his hen colony. Mr. Baldwin went into his hen yard one day recently to remove a setting hen from her nest, when the rooster attacked him, striking him on the instep with its spur. Mr. Baldwin did not consider the blow serious, although it was painful at the time, but later in the day, the pain continuing, he examined his foot and found that the spur had pierced the leather and had inflicted a wound on his foot which bled freely.—Norwich Morning Sun.

THE TEMPLE TREASURE.*

BY W. C. STILES.

["THE TEMPLE TREASURE" was begun in No. 19. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LITTLE NEEDLE PIPE AGAIN.

MR. PATTIS ROCKWELL had feared that this moment might some time come to him. The years had nearly effaced his memory of Hershi Righ, when one day he saw his tall form in Broadway. Since then the consciousness that they were both in the same city had renewed this fear. The history of its cause it is now necessary to relate.

When Hershi Righ was but a youth he lived with his sister in a mountain hamlet in India. On the other side of a steep hill was the shepherd's hut of a widow, whose son was Pattis Rockwell. The chief possessions of this young villain, whose father had been an English adventurer, were a half dozen ferocious bloodhounds. The sister of Hershi Righ, one day returning by the highway, was set upon by these savage animals, that would have torn her in pieces had not her brother, in a near field, heard her shrieks. Hershi Righ rescued her, half dead, from the dogs, three of which he killed. About this time Pattis Rockwell was beginning his career as a robber. In revenge for the death of his hounds, seizing a favorable opportunity, he gathered to his aid a half dozen friends as depraved as himself, and, in the dead of night, the party attacked Hershi Righ in his own house and succeeded in overpowering both himself and his sister and carried them into the forest. Here they tied him by the wrists with ropes, which they then flung over the limb of a tree, and there suspended him in mid air. Under this tree Pattis Rockwell set to guard him all of the hounds he had still remaining. They then dragged his sister shrieking away to a more wretched fate. The raging and helpless brother, foreseeing her horrible fate, hurled after the destroyer of his happiness and home a curse as dreadful as any that his lips could frame. The villain only laughed at him, and left him there to die a wretched death. But Hershi Righ, powerful and resolute, escaped, both from the ropes and from the hounds. He left not one of them alive. He followed his enemy as well as he could, his wrongs urging him on. At last he heard that Pattis Rockwell had joined the brotherhood of needle men that were terrifying the caravan roads to the north, and on this account he also joined them. He was not long in running down his enemy. In disguise he disarmed all suspicion and at a favorable opportunity struck his blow. With a grim and bitter hate in his heart, he was about to return the torture by a worse torture, when he was prevented by a lie. Pattis Rockwell swore to him that his sister was still alive and unharmed, and offered to take Hershi Righ to the place where she might be found. He was ever in his youth a too confiding soul. He spared Pattis Rockwell. He postponed his punishment, hoping to find his sister. Before the promise could even be tested, Rockwell disappeared. He left a mark behind him, however. It was a blood-stained hand and a note. The note told him in a few words that the hand had been cut off from his sister's arm while she was yet living, and assured him that his own should be similarly amputated if he ever should again fall in with his enemy. It was indeed his poor sister's hand, and he learned, long afterward, that she had died under the cruel brutality of her captors long before his discovery of her destroyer.

From that day Hershi Righ had not seen Pattis Rockwell. His sorrow and disappointment nearly broke his heart, but he lived it down, and hoped that he might never see his enemy again. But he often dreamed of Pattis Rockwell, and in his dreams he always seemed to be executing vengeance upon the wretch. These dreams had given him the feeling that some day he should find Pattis Rockwell and repay him for his crimes.

When Hershi Righ saw actually before him the only man in the world whom he had ever hated he did not pause to observe his companions, nor to think of any possible peril to himself. Before any of the party could even think what he would do, he had seized the cowering Rockwell by his lean throat, with a revival in his heart of all the horrifying consciousness of the wrongs of his dead sister and to himself, and was strangling him with savage fury. He had an instinct in him that made him fear to be interrupted before he had completed his furious work, and as he held the terrified Rockwell by the throat he at the same time dragged his victim swiftly down the walk before Shing and Pratka could think of interfering. The powerful grip of his iron hands on Rockwell's neck almost crushed the bones, and would soon kill him. Shing uttered a growl and started after them, followed by Pratka. Shing held in his hands his little pipe, waiting for the opportunity of shooting the assailant of his confederate, without the danger of hitting his friend. As thus this struggle, so rapidly precipitated, went on upon the sidewalk, at about the came instant on one side of them, around the corner, appeared Calligan O'Rourke and Monsieur Arnoux, and on the other there came down the steps of a house nearly opposite the point where the raging Hindoo was strangling his enemy, Miss Paula Ordway, who shrieked loudly at the sight of the writhing contestants.

She had run down quickly before she saw what was transpiring, and Hershi Righ, dragging Rockwell along, was close upon her, blind and unheeding in his rage. At this instant Shing discharged his little needle. It passed the Hindoo, but it struck a fairer victim. Paula felt a sharp sting in her shoulder, and instantly realized what had happened. She grew faint, but in an instant rallied and stood straight on the walk. She saw Calligan O'Rourke running down toward her. At the same moment she glanced at Hershi Righ, just as he flung from him, away out over the curb, the senseless form of Pattis Rockwell, and stood glaring and panting over his injured foe.

O'Rourke had seen the pipe, and he knew at once what was going on. He was a man who never lost his head under any circumstances. He knew nothing of the feud between Hershi Righ and Pattis Rockwell, but he promptly determined to interfere before the man was killed, whom he expected to send to the gallows a little later.

"Quick, Mr. O'Rourke! They have killed me with one of the needles! In my shoulder here! Can nothing be done?"

"Oh, God! Yes! Wait, now! Arnoux, your knife! Here! Where is it? Bare the place instantly!"

She was sinking on the stone step, when O'Rourke caught her and seated her gently. "Never mind the others. Help me," he said to the Frenchman. "I am a surgeon from Dublin!"

Paula pointed to her shoulder with whitening lips.

O'Rourke promptly tore away the coverings, and exposed to view the whitest and fairest skin he had ever seen. But there was the ominous red mark. He did not hesitate an instant. Hesitation was death. He took the little sharp knife from Arnoux's hand, and cut quickly, skillfully, surely, two, three little strokes under and around that horrible little shaft. It had passed through the dress, and had but half buried itself in the flesh. It was out! The detective stanched the blood and received a grateful look from her, who had not flinched nor cried at the touch of the cruel knife. He took her bodily in his powerful arms and carried her up the steps, and soon, with his violent ringing, assisted by the Frenchman, had her inside, where he had also a skilled physician hastily summoned, who at once, on O'Rourke's statement, administered a powerful antidote, and cauterized the wound that O'Rourke had made thoroughly.

Hershi Righ, coming to himself a little, as, glancing around, he saw Shing with the pipe again leveled, this time at him, and near enough to compass his instant destruction, suddenly ducked his head and shoulders as the needle went wide and dropped upon the pavement thirty yards down the street. Before Chender Shing could move, the tall, active Hindoo was upon him, flaming like a lion, and the pipe was snatched out of his hand. He was not the man to be caught by the throat as Rockwell had been. If Hershi Righ was strong, so was he. The street was deserted. Vivi Pratka had disappeared. He did not care to face the situation, and was hiding behind a near corner, fearing to be implicated in the murder which he thought had been accomplished by Chender Shing's little pipe.

The two men closed in a silent struggle, glaring at each other as they clinched in the lock of Indian wrestlers.

Shing, with his wits all at work, spoke amid his panting, as he resisted the efforts of Hershi Righ to reach his throat with those powerful fingers.

"Stop, Hershi Righ! You will bring the police on us. It was only to save my comrade that I would have killed you. Why did you attack him? I have nothing against you, I say."

Hershi Righ was a little more nearly rational by this time, and relaxed his efforts for a moment, watchfully ready to renew them if need be while he answered.

"You are his confederate. But I believe you. Wait! Are you not Chender Shing? I have heard of you, and I remember your face."

"Yes. And you know what is in the little pipe. I am truly glad that you were able to dodge so quickly. Come! I have inadvertently killed the young lady, trying to shoot you with my pipe. I only ask you as an old comrade to permit me to get away from this accursed place and avoid arrest. It was an accident. I had no reason for killing a woman. It was aimed at you, who were choking my comrade to death."

At that moment Pattis Rockwell sat up in the street where he had been flung by the rage of Hershi Righ and looked around him in a dazed fashion, not knowing what had happened.

"He is not killed. I see he is sitting up. Let me go and let him go. Why did you attack him?"

Hershi Righ, hearing this, released Shing and glanced about to look at Rockwell. He was incautious thus to trust

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Chender Shing. Before he could wink the treacherous son of old Shing dealt him a powerful blow under the jaw with the skill of a finished pugilist that made him stagger and almost upset him. Before he knew what had happened, Shing was gone around the corner with a rush. Hershi Righ followed him a little way, until he remembered that he was not the man he wished to punish, and then turned back to deal with his natural enemy, only to see Rockwell on his feet, staggering away toward the nearest corner. Hershi Righ, silent as a tiger, glided after him. Rockwell saw him start, and nerved himself to a desperate effort. His feet were leaden, and he seemed to himself that he but crept over the stones, as he felt behind him the grim, inexorable presence. As he ran he remembered the past. It rushed through his brain as an accompaniment to his horrible fears. It wore itself into a terrifying rhythm that timed with his footfalls lagging on the pavement. Behind him was Nemesis and doom. In his brain, memory and terror. He thought of his hounds, of a tree in the Indian forests where he had hanged Hershi Righ by the wrists and set under him the red-jawed beasts to tear him in pieces if he should succeed in coming down from his place. He saw the drawn face in its terror of a woman whom his devilish brutality had destroyed. The severed hand that he had sent to Hershi Righ floated before his eyes as he ran. He was but half conscious of his steps. The griping hand, but a few moments since on his throat, had made a strange, ghastly delirium in his brain. He was fleeing from an ogre, and knew not how fast his terrified feet went over the stones. But swift as was the Hindoo's pursuit, he could gain but little on his enemy. He knew not what he would do if he overtook him. He expected to kill him, perhaps. He, too, had visions of the past, and only realized with a deep, burning chaos in his mind that the man he was pursuing was the one thing in all the earth whom he hated.

The street was quiet, and but one or two passers-by saw the two men running after each other. Both were silent; Rockwell because he was conscious only of the dreadful presence behind him from whom he wildly thought nothing on earth could save him; Hershi Righ, because he was intent only on seizing his victim with his own hands.

Thus they ran until the river was in view. Rockwell was ready to sink with terror and fatigue if this presence that seemed to be ready every moment again to seize his throat had not driven him on. But with wild, half-blinded eyes, he knew not and cared not where he went. At the foot of the street was an old deserted dock, piled full on either side of tiers of barrels, with a passage way between them along the middle of the dock from the street to the water's edge. When Rockwell rushed upon this wharf Hershi Righ gloated, and knew that he would soon have his victim in his grasp. Consequences he cared nothing about in that intense moment. He glanced down and saw at his feet a small boulder, which he stooped and picked up. With this he would brain the wretch without more compunction than he had experienced in killing the hounds that were tearing his sister in pieces. Rockwell saw nothing. He reached the end of the wharf and found the water cutting off his path. Like a hunted animal he turned and glanced back. He saw only the flame in the black eyes of Hershi Righ, who had raised the boulder threateningly.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

APPROACHING CONCLUSIONS.

Hershi Righ, with the face of his hated enemy before him, hurled the boulder with all his force, which, if it had struck as it was aimed, would have crushed that face to a jelly. But the instinct of self-preservation emerged even above the delirious fears of Rockwell, and he ducked his head and crouched his body while the boulder went hurling far out into the river. But he knew that this saved him but for an instant. The raging Hindoo was rushing down the wharf to supplement his failure with some other device. Rockwell dared not feel again the savage clutch of those hands that had well nigh killed him before. He turned and leaped into the river. Hershi Righ did not hesitate. His blood was all aflame with his anger, and he was resolved to finish forever this long-delayed vengeance. He was a Hindoo outlaw once more, and living again under the law of personal judgment toward enemies that had made it in India in his earlier day a virtue to kill the man who has wronged you. He rushed to the edge of the dock and sprang out after his enemy. He had crossed the rivers of India where the current was a torrent, and water was to him no more than land. And he saw the head and face of the man whom he pursued before him in the water, as he swam away for dear life. Away on the other side was a boat, and toward this Rockwell directed his course. The pursuit was to be a contest of speed in breasting the waters, and at this he was no match for the merciless and stalwart Hindoo who followed him.

But in the water the cold plunge had brought Rockwell to his senses again, and to a more sane realization of his danger. He saw, presently, that he would be overtaken before he had made half the distance to the only refuge that appeared in sight.

It was for his life now that he was fighting, and as his wits cleared, he determined to kill instead of being killed. In the water, even though weak from the furious choking he had received, he reasoned that he was more nearly equal with Hershi Righ, especially as he had his dagger. This he managed to extricate from the folds of his garments as he swam, and then he relaxed his efforts a trifle to gain breath before his avenger should reach him.

Hershi Righ cared nothing about whatever Rockwell might try to do. He only agonized to get that lean throat once more in his fingers and choke to death the ghoul who had wronged him.

His black, fierce eyes fixed themselves on his victim as he came on, while Rockwell, as if exhausted, turned in the water and faced him, with the dagger held out of sight under the water.

Then a dreadful scene followed. Hershi Righ launched himself through the river like a crocodile and seized the waiting prey.

There was a struggle, a cry or two and both men sank. There was blood on the surface of the river, and a great commotion of the wavelets about them as they went down. It was an age passing by before they were broken again. The black head of the Hindoo alone appeared. He was bleeding from a dozen wounds from the dagger which the desperate victim had inflicted while fighting for his life. But when he had shaken the brine and the mud of the river from his eyes and mouth, Hershi Righ looked all about, slowly swimming back toward the dock, and said in a hoarse voice, heard only by the sea gull that hovered in the air above him:

"May he be but a snake on his belly when next the breath of Brahm shall incarnate him. Amen!"

* * * * * *

"It is quite time to stop this business, Mr. Arnoux," says Calligan O'Rourke, as they went out into the street. "Meet me to-night at nine o'clock in Monsieur Ribot's place, and I will try to show you the inside of the whole deviltry. These gentry must be attended to immediately. They have done enough."

The detective was angry with himself that he had merely followed the group of criminals instead of taking them in charge. He thought he might have prevented this last diabolism had he not been so slow. But it was too late to mourn over it, and O'Rourke was not a man to cry for spilled milk. He has remained at the Ordways as long as he thinks he can be of service. Paula has been saved by his prompt surgery, unless the shock to her nerves and strength proves too great. As soon as it became certain that the poison had been eradicated before it could spread in the girl's blood, the physician had administered a sleeping potion, and she lay now in a dead sleep. If she can be kept a little dull for some days until her nerves recover, she will be on the way to health again.

Chender Shing, running away from the scene of the fracas, came upon Vivi Pratka crouching by the iron fence.

"Get up from that and come with me," growled Shing, seizing Pratka by the shoulder. "Rockwell has legs, and will get away from that tiger. Brahm defend us! But he was choked soundly. The Hindoo has some grudge against him. Come along, now!"

Vivi Pratka was not pleased to be pulled about by the impatient Shing, but he feared to resist or refuse, since it was his purpose to keep Shing without suspicion until he could assist in his Judas task of betraying not only him but the entire gang into the hands of O'Rourke, whom he feared even more now than he feared his leader and confederate.

"Now, if you please, Mr. Pratka," says Shing, as they walked away, "tell me what this all means. I am convinced that the man we have been following is Hershi Righ. He recognized Rockwell and Rockwell at once knew him. Who, then, is the man who showed us the diamond in Hershi Righ's store?"

"I swear by the sacred Ganges and the shades of Vishnu I know not what it means!" lied Pratka, with all the earnestness he could summon. "It surpasses all my imagination. But if we go back there at once we may find it out."

"I do not trust you, Vivi Pratka. Why did you pretend to recognize the man in the store?"

"It was Hershi Righ or his counterpart. This man who attacked Rockwell I never before saw. Rockwell was deceiving us."

"We will see—we will see! And meanwhile I will think also. The face of the man in the store was like the face of the merchant Barahti. But he was not like him enough. Pratka, I fear that there is danger. To-morrow, after we have secured the casket, or the gems, in the cellar of Jashi Lerni's store, I think we will disappear. Who were the men who rushed down and assisted the woman?"

"I know as little as you, Sahib Shing."

"One of them gave me a glance with his eyes as he passed, and I know from that that I have seen him before."

"Then you know him better than I. I never set eyes on either of them before."

"Ah! But I have, then. Come! He is a friend or acquaintance of the lawyer. We have yet to learn about your attack on the lawyer. I am sorry you did not shoot straighter, but you shall be punished all the same for your treachery, if you do not walk straight from this time, Vivi Pratka. Come! This man is a friend of the lawyer. I saw them together one day at Castle Garden. He gave me the same look with his eyes. Now, by my soul, Vivi Pratka, why was he behind us, and so near, as we went on after this Hindoo? And why was the Hindoo going to her house, as he undoubtedly was?"

Shing bent his head in thought. Vivi Pratka, keeping his eyes about him and ready for anything that might happen, remained silent, hoping that Shing would not think out anything to his disadvantage.

"Pratka, I have a fancy. I will report it to you, who are so sharp with your schemes, and see what you think of it. I fancy that the man that I saw in Castle Garden with the lawyer, the man whom we saw in Hershi Righ's store, and the man who followed us while we followed the real Hershi Righ are all one and the same man. Those eyes have betrayed him to me."

Pratka was greatly startled. He now saw that there would be peril in the plot to which he had given himself, and which meant nothing less than the playing of stool pigeon to lure the whole band of villains to the snare of O'Rourke. But he repressed his emotions and gave a low whistle of apparent incredulity.

"That is the most remarkable fancy, to be sure, Sahib Shing. How do you account, then, for his being at the store of Hershi Righ and behind the counter when we went into the store?"

"If what I have imagined is the truth, then will you tell me, if you please, who the man is and why he watches us? You are not so innocent as a lamb in the pasture, Vivi Pratka. You pretended to recognize this man as Hershi Righ."

Shing stopped with a black frown upon his face and looked steadily at his companion.

Vivi Pratka smiled a simple and artless smile, and said without a moment's hesitation:

"I will confess that I had great difficulty in seeing any resemblance to the Hershi Righ that I knew long years ago in India. But when he called me by name and gave up his trade card and I recalled that he was here selling gems in his own store, there could be no mistake. If that was not Hershi Righ, then I have as little idea who it may have been as yourself. He may be a spy."

"But there is more to it. The eyes are also the eyes of Sahib Barahti, the merchant, who was in your store and in the cellar room. Pratka, that man was a pretender. I have believed it more and more. The slaying of Jashi Lerni was a mistake. To-morrow you and I will be safer to leave this city. As for the diamonds, it will not be quite in taste to visit that store as I had intended to do this very night. If this man with the sharp eyes, who plays detective with us, was behind Hershi Righ's counter, then he will look out for the diamond and for the store. We will get the gems that Jashi Lerni stored away, and then—"

Chender Shing did not finish the sentence, but at that moment seeing a hack by the curb, signalled it, and the two men were driven down the street.

"We will wait for Rockwell at Bilhi's shop," says Shing, as they drove along. "When he comes he will disclose his plan for evading the infernal machines of Jashi Lerni. As for you, it is my intention to keep you with me until we leave this city. If you have any more schemes, Vivi Pratka, that which happened to Roopna, the bead-seller—"

"That will never happen to Vivi Pratka, Sahib Shing. If I were planning any schemes, as you say, should I remain where you can do to me worse than you did to Roopna? You do wrong to accuse me without a cause, Sahib Shing?"

Shing grunted incredulously, and soon they reached the place they were seeking. But they waited there in vain for the coming of Pattis Rockwell. He would never come out of the slime of the river bottom until the day of the trumpet.

They gave up waiting after an hour or so, and Shing began in earnest to prepare for the flight of the whole gang from the city. As has been observed by O'Rourke, they had a vessel, a small one of Indian build, lying in the Jersey Kills. On this they intended to depart in the night. Shing intended to avoid any possible danger to himself if he could, and thought he might wait until the murder had been forgotten, and, if need be, return. If Pratka had told him the truth about the gems, then, even though the casket may have been disposed of, as the man in Jashi Lerni's store had declared, the casket itself was of no consequence, so he secured Jashi Lerni's collection of stones, which he firmly believed the murdered man had wrongfully robbed away from the old temple. Shing knew nothing of more caskets than one. This one Jashi Lerni once had. If Pratka was not a traitor he will recover it and allow the diamonds to go for the present.

Under the black shadows of the old wharf two boats lay that night. In one of them a motionless Hindoo sat awaiting an appointed hour. In the stream nearly opposite, swinging from her anchor, was a little launch, apparently deserted. She had crept up the river from below in the evening and without notice from any one. About at early dusk, when the lamps were beginning to gleam in the streets, several men, without any observable object in view, began sauntering about the region of Vivi Pratka's store. Others passed inside the building nearly opposite, which the detective had used before as a post of observation. Now and then a bronzed face would be seen flitting along the walk, presently to be lost to view inside the wine store. Vivi Pratka has lighted his store as usual, and, with Chender Shing, waits for the late hour when together they may go on their errand. Vivi Pratka is not easy under the close watch of his leader. He has been unable to communicate with O'Rourke, and knows nothing in detail of the detective's plans. He fears that he may fail to keep his word after all, in season to save Pratka from inevitable exposure. Such exposure was tolerably sure to occur before the night is gone, because Shing has announced his intention of going, with one or two more of the Hindoos, to secure the gems which Pratka has told him are in the cellar of Jashi Lerni's store. If this occurs, he fears the rage of Shing at finding the treasure gone. He is cunning, and hopes, even if driven to this strait, to deceive Shing into thinking some other person has rifled the place. At the worst, Pratka rests in the consciousness that he carries in his pockets a little pipe, and that Chender Shing is vulnerable. It would not take a very extensive opportunity to enable him to do to Shing that which Pattis Rockwell had done to Jashi Lerni. But his heart was not as light as snowflakes, while he sat silent in his store, and glanced now and then at the scowling face in the corner.

About half-past ten a pair of noisy and apparently half-drunken Chinamen, passing through the street, saw the light dimly burning in the store, and recognized it as a place where their favorite drug was to be had. They tumbled noisily up the steps and into the store. Pratka was not displeased at this diversion, which delayed a little the word he had been dreading to hear from Shing, which should summon him to go on the expedition of the night. He recognized one of the Chinamen as a fellow who kept a laundry a few streets away, and who came in first. His companion was a villainous-looking Oriental.

Shing paid no attention to these customers, who began winking and grimacing at Pratka, as these opium fiends often did when they came to buy his opium.

"Velly good, Mr. Plaka, velly good. John feely velly good," remarked the laundryman, as Pratka went behind his counter. "My fiend, he smoky all time. Smoky up all my hasheesh—old villain! He buy more for John. Heap money."

"John he lie all samee Melican man," said the other fellow, with a broad smile. "He smoke all up, 'self. John drunk like p'liceman. Swears no go home till next day. India man better kick bad fell' out."

On hearing this second man speak, Shing sat up a little straighter and took a look at the two intruders. The last speaker happened to stand directly in the flare of the gas, where Shing had a good view of his face. An indefinable expression gathered on Shing's countenance, and he dropped his eyes again, shrinking farther into the shadows of his corner.

Pratka weighed out the required opium while the Chinamen chattered in their broken English, railing on each other with more or less drunken good nature the while. When the bartering and chaffing were ended, the laundryman insisted that the two should be allowed to sit on the floor of Pratka's back store and smoke. This privilege had been accorded before to him, and he became quarrelsome and very abusive when Pratka refused. He was seconded by his companion, whom he called Ling, and the two of them became so riotous that Pratka threatened to give them over to the police. This did not have any effect. In turn, they declared that they would clean out the whole establishment if they were not permitted to boss the entire outfit to their hearts' content, and show the police where the Chinese of the neighborhood procured their opium illegally.

At length Chender Shing spoke in the midst of the racket.

"You might as well be rid of these gentlemen, Pratka. I don't care to have the police called, any way. Let them do as they like. But they can't stay in the store. Show them to the other place. They understand no Hindoostanee. And we will not be likely to use the place after to-night."

The Chinamen broke into a roar of approval, and swore that the "other fell'" was a trump card, and abused Pratka with their epithets yet more for his backwardness. Pratka was willing by this time to be rid of such troublesome visitors. He had never before seen the laundryman in his cups, and remembered that it was a rare thing to see one of these peaceful Celestials brawling in this fashion.

But he thought Shing's suggestion a good one, and bade the staggering visitors follow him, promising to lead them to a place where they could smoke to their hearts' content and stay all night if they desired.

Accordingly, taking the little lamp, Pratka led the way, while the Chinamen followed at their drunken and sovereign pleasure. Pratka led them down the stairs and into the passageway, through which the reader has already been conducted, from which they emerged into the sunken chamber. They paid no heed to anything Pratka said to them, but jabbered and railed all the way. Behind them, at a little distance, crept Chender Shing, with a look of quiet elation in his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 40.]

A HEAVY SMOKER DEAD AT 117.

Martin Moran died at Scranton, Pa., August 31, at the age of one hundred and seventeen. He landed in Philadelphia from Ireland sixty-five years ago, and walked with two companions to Carbondale, where he lived for several years before coming to this locality. He was a saloon keeper the greater part of his life, and was the heaviest smoker at the "Notch," the local name of the suburb in which he lived. Up to two years ago he could read his prayer book "as good as the priest," as he put it, and he had but one eye at that.—Philadelphia Press.

VON ZILDORF'S HEIRESS.*

A Romance of the Tyrol in the Time of the Crusades.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.,

Author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow," "The Outcast of Milan," "The Oakland Mystery," etc.

["VON ZILDORF'S HEIRESS" was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A THUNDERBOLT! A STRANGE AND STARTLING VISIT.

BARON VON ZILDORF had despatched his Rittmeister to call out every man and bid them to arm. All told, he could muster seventy-five able men, though not all of them could be classed as warriors; but, should he be called upon to defend his walls, these untrained men would be valuable. The bold troopers were gathering in the court, and the Baron stood looking on, ready to address them as soon as the whole should have been mustered. He was prepared to speak earnestly. After the letter Aurora had written to her father, and, considering that she was, of her own free choice, finding a home with him—that she was there beloved and honored—looking at it all, he was indignant to exasperation, and had made up his mind that he would defend his walls to the last extremity.

He stood thus, watching the movements of his gallant followers in many a bold and hazardous enterprise, when a quick step, a hand upon his arm and a voice in his ear startled him.

"My lord. Come and see! They are bringing fire to the angle of the wall under the northeastern tower, back of the chapel!"

"Bah! What can they do there with fire? Let them—"

But the sentence was not finished. At that moment he felt something like a quivering of the earth where he stood, then a throe, a low, rumbling sound for a single second, and the whole arch of heaven seemed to grow suddenly black, while a thunderburst that shook the castle and shook the very mountains crashed with terrific report upon the darkened air!

For a little time the Baron and all his people stood like men utterly paralyzed. They were paralyzed. The first and only thought was that one of heaven's own thunderbolts, mightier by far than any they had ever before heard, had fallen upon them. The master himself was first called to his senses—to a full knowledge that he was personally unharmed—by his son, who came rushing toward him with the cry:

"Father! Father! to the keep! To the keep! The whole wall behind the chapel is broken down, and the enemy are pouring in over the ruins! Let us take to the keep and defend that to the last. What, ho! Ravendorf! Hasten our men to the keep!"

But he was too late. Colonel Rosendorf was a thorough captain, with his wits awake and active at every point. He had thought of the stout keep, for he knew how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to dislodge the robbers from its cover if they were allowed to gain it and secure the approaches. He had thought of this, and had detailed a hundred trusty and reliable men to rush in at once over the fallen wall and make sure of the inner stronghold.

When Rosendorf, by means of his long and slender wand, had found that the whole quantity of black powder he had poured into the hole, had all found its way beneath the wall, and that it extended in almost, if not quite, the extreme width of the wall's foundation, he was confident that the explosion would raze the massive barrier to the ground, or that it would so upheave and spread its several parts that they would afford a shapeless mass of ruins over which his men could clamber without difficulty.

And so it had proved. Those hundred men had only waited until they had seen the ugly looking pile of rocks and cement clear of the smoke, and then they had rushed forward. It might have been difficult climbing for some; but to men long inured to Alpine marching and climbing, the work was comparatively easy. They were over in a very few minutes, and the leaders had reached the main door of the keep before the Baron had received his warning, so that when he came to the entrance of his dwelling, he found it in possession of the enemy!

Had the Baron von Zildorf been simply a blood-thirsty robber, there might have been terrible fighting and much spilling of blood; but he was not such a man. And, moreover, the presence of his beautiful young cousin, with her elevating and Christianizing influence—with the sweetness and purity of her life making all around her more peaceful and lovely—this had wonderfully softened and humanized him.

When he, in company with Otho, reached the great door of the keep, he found it in possession of the invaders, and they were in such force that it would have been madness to attack them. He was looking upon the strange faces and beginning, instinctively, to count them, when a cry of alarm from the direction of the main gate arrested his attention. He looked and saw that the ponderous drawbridge had been let fall by the run and the gate thrown open, and the whole space, as far as his eye could reach, was peopled by the soldiery!

He was trying to think how it had all been done—was telling himself that there had been a magical agency at work against him, when he felt a touch upon his arm and a pleasant, cheery voice called his name. He turned and beheld Colonel Adolphus Rosendorf. He had known him for years. In fact, the Colonel had once been under his command in the time when Von Zildorf had been manager-in-chief of jousts and tournays at Innsbruck.

"Von Zildorf, come! Do not make the matter worse than it need be. You know I am here by order of my superior. But had I been the superior, I should have come all the same. I have five hundred men at my back, and, you see, we have gained the inside of your stronghold. Will you surrender?"

"Oh, Rosendorf! Ask me anything else! Do not ask me that! You have come to take away a certain young lady who is now beneath my roof?"

"Yes."

"Then I will yield me to a truce. Let us see what shall come of it. I—I—" He cast his eyes once more over the court, dwelling for a moment upon the serried mass that still came pouring in over the bridge and through the great archway, and then went on:

"I will not offer resistance of arms to the taking of the maiden. I do not suppose you think of touching my person?"

"I have no orders to that effect; still—— But let that go for now. I accept your truce. Shall I bring the chiefs of the expedition before you?"

"The chiefs?"

"Aye! the Burgomaster and your cousin Conrad Vanderwert; they are the spokesmen. If you will retire to your main hall I will bring them to you, and we may have none present whom you would not care to see."

"Father," said Otho, who had stood near at hand, "let it be as the Colonel says; only—" he turned to Rosendorf and added—"if Conrad Vanderwert is insulting I will chastise him."

"Young man, I cannot stand by and see the man put in bodily danger."

"Oh, bah! I would not foul my sword upon him. The most I would do would be to pull his nose."

"Well, you may do that."

The truth was, that since Colonel Rosendorf had entered into this business he had overheard from the lips of the beautiful girl's father speech that had shocked him beyond his power to tell. Such a low and sordid—such a mean and groveling—such a miserable, contemptible, grasping disposition he had never found in another man! He had been utterly confounded. He had discovered, also, that the father of the heiress and the pompous Burgomaster had compounded a villainous project for marrying the girl to the Burgomaster's son, whom she hated and despised, and sharing her vast wealth between them! If he had been a free agent he would have refused to keep on with the undertaking; but as a soldier he could only obey orders. It was not for him to judge and decide. He had set forth from Innsbruck full of ardor, but as he gradually gained an insight into the truth of the leaders' plans his ardor cooled, and disgust took its place. Arrived before the castle, his military pride had been aroused and he had determined to take the place; and, above all else, he had desired to try his wonderful powder for the first time upon any work of moment. He had tried it; he had taken the stronghold, and now he felt that the two grand plotters might work for themselves, he simply holding himself bound to see them safe from personal harm.

The Baron stepped aside and stood for a little time apart with his head bent upon his hands. When he next looked up he was calm and collected, with a wondrous dignity upon his grand face. He sent for Ravendorf and bade him to call the men of the castle together and lead them to their quarters, there to remain. But if it should be found that the soldiers and the castle troop could pleasantly fraternize, then, in heaven's name, let them come together and make friends and be merry. The Rittmeister promised that he would do what he should find to be most judicious.

Then the Baron went into the keep and into the great old hall of audience and banquet. It was a large apartment with high, vaulted roof, supported by two rows of granite columns; and, as the place was often used now on festive occasions, it was in good condition and well furnished. The Baron and his son entered the apartment together, and very quickly the Baroness and Aurora, with Lizette following, joined them there.

"Oh, my husband! Conrad! What will they do?"

"Why, if they can be allowed, the Burgomaster and my gallant cousin will marry this sweet girl to young Von Brenda and share two million ducats between them. That is what they have planned. That is the only condition on which—— Ah! here they come! Hildegarde! Aurora! take places behind me. And you, Lizette, keep you there and keep quiet!"

Then he turned a flashing eye upon those who had just entered. They were the Burgomaster von Brenda, who came in advance; directly behind him, but slightly upon one side, was Conrad Vanderwert; and upon Vanderwert's left hand was Jasper von Brenda. Colonel Rosendorf followed after, but came to the front, and with him were two or three of his principal officers.

For a few moments silence reigned in that old wassail hall. The Burgomaster was the first to speak. He advanced a step and cleared his throat.

"Proud Baron! Audacious robber! Breaker of our laws! Thou art conquered! We hold thee at our mercy! And we now demand of thee that thou shalt deliver up to us the fair maiden whom thou didst tear away from our home! I behold her even now behind thee. I bid her to come forth—Aurora! Bright and beautiful lady, I implore thee come forth! Come to thy father's arms, and return with him to his mourning, weeping, grief-stricken home! Wilt thou—oh, wilt thou come?"

At that juncture a man of the Colonel's staff came in and touched his chief on the shoulder. The latter turned and listened to a few quickly spoken words, and then started to go out. The Burgomaster saw the movement and at once interfered.

"What now, Colonel? You will not leave us?"

"But for a little while, mein herr. I will quickly return." And with that he hurried out in company with the messenger.

And now the superintendent came to the front. His face betrayed deep wrath, but he tried to speak kindly:

"Aurora, oh, my child! Will you not come home to your heart-broken mother? These wicked people shall detain you no longer."

Aurora felt that she ought to come to the Baron's side and to his support. Why it was she knew not, but at that moment her soul was filled with loathing for the man who called her daughter. She could read his sordid, selfish purpose, and when she saw the gloating look of the grasping Burgomaster and the eager, wolfish glare of Jasper, she felt her spirit in arms and felt strong. She came to a place by the Baron's side and returned her father's gaze with firmness and decision.

"Father, did you not receive from me the letter wherein I informed you that I had chosen to remain here with my good and loving cousins? Did you not read in that that I wished to remain here in peace and quietness? Oh! why could you not have granted my prayer and left me to myself? I do not wish to return with you. I prefer to remain where I am. Will you accept that for my answer and leave me in peace?"

"Undutiful, unnatural child!" the parent cried, white with rage and quivering at every joint. "Must I take you to your home by force? Will not a sense of shame, if not of duty, lead you to listen to me?"

"Of shame?" repeated the maiden, her golden eyes fairly blazing. "Of shame, say you? And wherefore a sense of shame?"

"Oh! thou brazen-face! Thy cousin Otho's look at this moment tells me that he knows what I—"

"Stop! Bethink thyself, my son."

The youth had started to leap forward upon the insulting speaker with his drawn sword in his hand, and none could have told what might have been the superintendent's fate if the Baron had not fortunately caught the boy in season.

"Insult not thy blade with his craven blood! Hadst thou gone to tweak his ugly nose, as thou didst promise, I had not stopped thee!"

"Oh, let me go now! Let me go!"

"No—— Ah! whom have we here?"

At that juncture Colonel Rosendorf had returned to the hall, followed by a man at a little distance behind him. The Baron had seen the whole party, but not so the superintendent. The latter caught sight of the commander of his assisting military force at the moment when the Baron had stayed the hand of his impetuous son, and quickly and eagerly grasping the officer by the arm, he exclaimed, in mingled rage, fear and supplication, meaning, evidently, to give show of authority:

"Colonel, in the name of the Law, I beseech—I command you, arrest yonder mad youth, and then bring to me the contumacious child whom neither the tears nor prayers, nor yet commands, of a parent can influence!"

"Colonel," added the Burgomaster, with immense dignity, "let the order be executed! Bring to us the maiden forthwith! Dost hear me? Remember, thou wert sent to obey me in everything! Instantly bring hither the maiden! Bring her if it requires half thy force to do it!"

"I humbly crave your indulgence, Herr Burgomaster," returned the officer, with a perceptible touch of disdain in tone and look. "I am called upon to obey one somewhat higher in power and authority than yourself. He bids me that I shall leave the maiden to him!"

"To him!" repeated the superintendent, in blank surprise.

"To him!" echoed the Burgomaster, toweringly. "Who is the human being higher in authority than—— Ah! This?—is this the man?"

"This is the man, oh, high and mighty Burgomaster!"

"Colonel, you are inclined to be sarcastic! But—why—this is the strange rover who has been stopping at Fritz Osterwald's!"

"Gott im Himmel!" gasped the superintendent, aghast—terrified by, he knew not what. "It is he who rescued my daughter from the robbers on a former occasion!"

The Baron and Aurora had caught the superintendent's words together, and at the same moment the newcomer, who had been whispering with a woman that followed, turned his face toward them. No wig, no beard, no brown skin now, but the bright blue eyes and the silken, flaxen hair were in harmony.

She could not help it. She moved before she thought. In him she saw the one being of all the world who could save her—in whom she had faith and trust and firm reliance, and, with a low, delirious cry of joy, she sprang forward to his arms.

"Oh! my own. You can save me from my father. Tell me that you will! Oh! Feodor—he frightens me! Oh! let him have my money, but not myself!"

"Hush! You are safe, dear one! The hour of your deliverance is come! Hold up your head and be surprised at nothing you may hear or see."

Both the Baroness and Otho had started forward at the same moment—the one to grasp the maiden, the other to confront the strange intruder. They had waited for Aurora to raise her head from the stranger's bosom, where it rested while he spoke to her, and as she did so the eyes of the knight and Otho met. The latter had a terrific oath upon his lips, with his hand upon the hilt of his sword. But before he had spoken the one or drawn the other, he met a smile upon the strange face that disarmed him, as if by a touch of magic!

What did it mean? A moment before he had thirsted for the man's blood, and now he could have taken him to his bosom as a trusty friend! What did it mean?

The knight caught the answering light upon the youth's face and quickly led the maiden forward and gave to him her hand, saying as he did so:

"Take her, Otho, and conduct her to your mother. I shall come for her presently, when I am sure you will yield her back to me. But it shall be as you will. So lay not up a thought of wrath."

Aurora, wonderingly, yet trusting in her lover, gave her hand to Otho, and in another moment the astonished Baroness was with them, demanding of the girl who that man was.

"My child, I know him! I have surely seen him somewhere, but I cannot call him to mind. Tell me—— Ah! who is this?"

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

Feodor, when he turned from giving Aurora's hand to Otho, had gone to where he had left the woman who came in with him, and was now leading her forward. She was a medium-sized, good-looking woman of middle age—she might have been thirty-five—with a fresh, kindly face, and a pair of mild brown eyes. The Baroness saw her and darted forward.

And another had seen her. Conrad Vanderwert, standing by the Burgomaster's side, and holding him by the arm while the strange scene had been going on between the roving stranger and Aurora, had chanced to turn his gaze as the woman passed, and had caught the outlines of her profile—had caught it distinctly—and on the instant it flashed upon him that he had seen the face before. Where was it? When? Oh! What did it mean? A nameless terror seized him! A shapeless horror, for which he could not account. But—hark! She was to speak!

Feodor led the woman to a position near to where the Baroness and Aurora stood, and then went and spoke with the Colonel, simply saying to him, with the tone and bearing of one in authority:

"Colonel, you will look to the doors, and see to it that no one leaves the hall without my permission!"

The officer nodded and our hero returned to the head of the hall, where he had left the strange woman. The first to speak was the Baron, who felt that the dignity of his position was at stake. He took a step forward and addressed the man who had assumed so much authority:

"Stranger, you will pardon me, but this is my castle. Will you tell me by what right you command here? I do not find fault. I ask you, who are you? Where have we met ere this? Am I not right in thinking we have so met?"

"My dear Von Zildorf, you are right. Wait for a little time in patience, and I will make all clear and plain to you. But there is a matter antedating our former meeting that must be cleared up first. This good woman has a story to tell, and I must ask you to listen. Let me first inform you she and her mother came to me in Vienna—"

"Ha! Vienna!"

"Hold! Do not interrupt me, Baron."

"I will not again. But when you said Vienna!—— Never mind, go on."

"This woman and her mother came to me and told to me a story so strange and startling that I resolved to come on and sift the matter for myself. I had other

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business here. I am in an office the duties of which require that I should look to many things in many places, and there was a call for my presence in the Tyrol. I came, I have seen and I have solved the mystery."

At this point Conrad Vanderwert broke forth madly and with cursing, and asked of Colonel Rosendorf if he had not power and authority to do that for which he had been sent by his superior.

And the Burgomaster and his son joined in the demand. The present course the affair was being suffered to take was an outrage and a scandal.

The Colonel answered them that they must appeal to one higher in authority than himself, and he pointed to the strange man whom they had both come to fear and dread.

Feodor had seen and heard, and when the Colonel had spoken he took a step forward and spoke:

"Conrad Vanderwert, what is it you demand?"

"I demand my—child!"

"What child? Where is your child?"

"Where is she?" gasped the trembling wretch, pale as a corpse. "There—there—she is. My child, as all the world knows. Oh! in the name of Heaven—oh! sir! whoever you may be, do not blacken your soul with falsehood! Do not think to rob me of my child!"

"Oh! base, sordid wretch!" the knight exclaimed. "See how Nature speaks! She whom you would claim for your child fears and dreads you! She detests and loathes you! Aye, and she never, never loved you! Silence! Let this woman speak. She is Meta Estevan! She and her mother were—"

But before he could speak further the Baroness had caught the name and had rushed forward, grasping the woman's wrist and gazing eagerly into her face.

"Meta! Meta! Oh! you and your mother were our nurses—Justine's and mine—in that terrible time when—oh! woman! woman! what have you to tell?"

Gently, tenderly, Feodor took Hildegarde's hand and led her back.

"Let Meta tell her story. She will be very brief."

"Aye, let her tell it. Oh! bid her to speak!"

"I will speak," the woman—Meta Estevan—said, turning so that all might hear. The Burgomaster had drawn a few steps nearer and his son had followed. Vanderwert, seeming to fear being alone, crept up behind them.

"Seventeen and a half years ago," commenced Meta, "on the first day of the month of May, my mother and I were called to nurse two sick women, both beneath the same roof. They were the Lady Hildegarde von Zildorf and the Frau Justine Vanderwert. The husband of Hildegarde—he was not Baron then—was absent, far away, I know not where, and during his absence his wife found a home with his cousin Vanderwert. I was then a girl of only eighteen, but was strong and healthy, and used to help my mother when she had sick people to care for. At the time of which I have spoken we were called to attend upon the two women whom I have named. My mother and I reached the Rittmeister's house—Conrad Vanderwert was Rittmeister then—we reached the house just at dark in the early evening. My mother was with Justine Vanderwert, while I attended upon the Lady Hildegarde. Oh! she was a sweet woman!—gentle, loving and patient! Heaven forgive me for what I did! But I could not help it. I was young, and I dared not speak against the Rittmeister!"

"She will lie! She will lie! She will lie!" shrieked Vanderwert, literally frothing like a madman. The Burgomaster, eager to hear, held him back—a service which the Colonel was ready to perform if needful.

"Two infants—both girls—were born before midnight," continued Meta. "The doctor and his assistant went away before morning. Lady Hildegarde had sunk very low, but the good doctor had brought her up, and when he thought it safe to do so he gave her a gentle sleeping potion, that she might gain needed rest. She slept, and while she slept my mother came to me and sent me to go down into the kitchen for water. I went and got the water, and when I came back I thought the infant had moved so that it would not breathe, and I lifted it up. As I did so, I thought it felt limp and cold! I would have cried out, but my mother, who had stood by, caught me around the neck and dragged me away from the room.

"And then she told me—she had to do it, for she knew that I should discover—she told me that while I had been gone she had exchanged the infants! Justine's infant had died almost as soon as the doctor had gone away. The Rittmeister was there. He told my mother what a wondrous fortune must come to the living girl. And he told her how Conrad von Zildorf would very soon be Baron, while he would be left only a poor Rittmeister. If she would help him to exchange the infants and give to his wife the living, he would give to her ten thousand ducats!

"Ten thousand ducats! And we were poor. My mother was a widow, and the future looked dark to her. The great sum dazed her. It took away her senses. She surrendered, and, as I have told you, she sent me away, that she might make the exchange; and while I was gone she accomplished her purpose! Herr Vanderwert held the lamp to give her light, and he gave her the money that very night. He gave it to her so that she might be bound to him.

"Oh! when the poor Lady Hildegarde awoke from that restful sleep, and found the infant at her bosom cold and limp and dead! Oh! pardon—pardon—pardon! I can tell no more."

"A lie! A lie! A lie!" the raving, quivering man shrieked.

"Is it a lie?" exclaimed Meta, starting into new life. "Oh! look at them where they stand. See those eyes! Oh! why haven't they known? How could Aurora have had those golden, sunny eyes but from her own mother?

"Oh, sire! sire! tell them that my mother confessed to you—that she came to you of her own accord! Tell them that when the man for whom she had done the wicked thing had, for his own peace and safety, sent her and me far away from our dear Tyrol—tell them that, then, she worked and slaved until she had gained almost the full sum of ten thousand ducats, and that you, sire, made up to her the full amount, and that she gave it to the suffering poor! Oh! God will surely forgive her. She died with a prayer for pardon on her dear lips! Oh! pardon! pardon! pardon!"

She was on her knees at the knight's feet, her streaming eyes and her clasped hands uplifted, sobbing and weeping like one heart-broken.

"My poor woman," he said, taking her by the hand and raising her up, "be comforted. The greater sin was not yours. Go to the mother whose wrong you concealed and with her living child once more upon her bosom, I am convinced she will give you pardon."

But Hildegarde had not waited for the woman to speak further. The truth had been with her almost from the first words the nurse had let fall. She looked now, in the light of this revelation, upon the face of the dear girl—into those golden eyes, and the heart of the mother cried aloud:

"Oh, my child! my child!"

And there we will leave them while we turn to the Baron. When Meta had gone down upon her knees and the one word "Sire!" had escaped her—then the light burst upon him. It was under the banner of this man's father that he had taken up the cross and gone to the Holy Land to do battle against the Saracen. And this man had now succeeded that father upon the Ducal throne. As soon as Meta Estevan had been lifted up, the stout old Baron advanced and bent his knees. He had thought he would never do that thing again to mortal man, but the impulse was now upon him, and he could not resist it. He took his son by the hand, saying to him, from the very depths of his heart:

"Otho, my son, I call upon you, by your fealty to your father, to join with me in offering true faith and allegiance to Leopold of Austria! Sire! I had sworn that I would never bend the knee again to mortal man, but for your noble gift this day I must make such poor return as I can. If my sword and my true allegiance to go therewith is worth your acceptance, it is yours!"

"And mine also, sire!" said Otho, with a truth not to be mistaken.

"Kneel you yet, Otho!" said the monarch. Then he took the Baron by the hand and upraised him, saying, as he did so:

"Baron von Zildorf, saving only such things as may be bright and pleasant to memory, let the past be forgotten. I accept thy fealty, and I promise thee a service that shall be honorable."

The Baron kissed the hand of his sovereign, after which Leopold turned again to the kneeling youth. He drew his sword and laid it upon bent shoulder.

"Otho, I dub thee knight! Be loyal! be gallant! be all that can become a brave, true man, remembering ever that Truth and Justice are the grand characteristics of the honest and upright knight! Arise, Sir Otho von Zildorf, and with my hand accept a hearty welcome into the Fraternity of Austria and the Tyrol!"

A brief pause, during which Otho wiped his eyes and kissed the hand of the Grand Duke, murmuring blessings as he did so, and while the Baron took to his bosom the child whom he had always fondly and tenderly loved, and then the monarch spoke again:

"Von Zildorf, one other return I must crave at your hands for what little of good I have been able to do you. I may say to you here that this woman's mother, bent somewhat with years, but more with long suffering, came to me and told to me the story which you have heard. She told me of the wicked and cruel deception put upon the Lady Hildegarde, and left it for me to set the matter right if I could. She dared not undertake it; and, moreover, she feared that she might not have strength and life for the journey. I promised her that I would see that justice was done, and the daughter promised me that she would hold herself in readiness to come to me whenever I should call.

"I was on my way to the Tyrol upon a mission with which, ere long, I trust you may become more familiar, but I should not have come for several months yet, had not this business taken such a hold upon my heart that I could not rest while it was hanging upon an uncertainty. I came, and I saw the exchanged infant grown to be a woman! I saw and—— But of that, anon. I told you, Baron, I should crave one other return at your hands.

"Otho," he turned to the youthful knight, who stood at that moment with an arm twined lovingly around his dear sister's neck, holding her close to his bosom. "Otho, I told you I should return presently and claim the sweet treasure back from you, and I believed you would yield her up to me freely. Will you do so?"

"Aye, with all my heart!" the young man cried, impulsively, at the same time taking Aurora's hand in his own and transferring it to the Grand Duke.

"There, sire! That is all I can do. You must ask my father for the rest."

Leopold took the fair hand and led the daughter to her parents, who now stood side by side.

"And now, good friends, let me crave the full measure of the blessed return I would have at your hands. This fair daughter, whom I have been instrumental in returning to you, I ask you to give me for my wife. She is the first and only love of my heart. Give her to me, and I will cherish her fondly. I will be true and faithful and loving and gentle and kind, seeking her good above all else of earth, saving only the good of my subjects, and she shall be equal on the altar of my heart to them! Will you crown my life by giving to me the one bright jewel of earth that can make the blessing of that life complete?"

Neither of them could speak much. The Baroness murmured a joyous assent, while her husband, giving the hand of his dear child back to the man from whom he had received it, bade him to take her.

"Take her, sire, and be as true to her as I will be to you! I ask no more."

But what had become of the dark-browed cousin and the crestfallen Burgomaster? When the Baron looked for them he saw them not.

"Colonel Rosendorf took them away immediately after Meta had concluded her story," said Leopold. "I know not what the magistrate may have done with himself; he and his aspiring son are free, but your cousin is in the Colonel's keeping, to be disposed of as you in your cool, calm judgment shall determine. It shall be for you to name the penalty. I will see that it is executed."

"I have one question to ask," said the Baron. "Did Justine know of the cruel, wicked thing that was done?"

"She knew, but she had no hand in the work, save to profit by it and hold her tongue. Surely that was guilt enough—for a mother!"

Hildegarde gazed upon her restored child for a moment in ecstatic silence, and then to her husband:

"Conrad, they were both equally guilty. All these years Justine has known that she had robbed me of my darling! Oh! it was cruel! cruel! cruel! But I can wish them no greater punishment than to live in the knowledge that their bright gold dream has faded and failed them; that their crime has been exposed, and that all the world knows it. Oh! will not that be punishment enough?"

"Yes. You are right. What, ho! Will some one send the Rittmeister Ravendorf to me?"

A messenger quickly left the hall, and presently the Rittmeister appeared.

"Ravendorf, you will call to your aid six good men; find Conrad Vanderwert, the superintendent of Eisenberg, and do you take him by the left ear—take it firmly between your thumb and finger—and lead him out beyond my drawbridge, and there say to him that Conrad, Baron von Zildorf, bids him farewell forever."

The Rittmeister bowed and withdrew, and we may suppose that not one jot of the full severity of the treatment was abated in the conducting of the disgraced cousin from the castle. And we may further suppose that the punishment which had been chosen for Vanderwert and his wife was sufficiently severe. Surely neither peace nor joy nor comfort could ever more be theirs while they lived where the story of their unnatural crime was known.

We will only add that before they left the Tyrol both Baron von Zildorf and his son were initiated into the mysteries of the Tyrolese Brotherhood, taking upon themselves cheerfully the vows of the Mystic Order. And they were glad when they had discovered the full measure of benefit that might accrue to them from their affiliation. It not only united all that was true and loyal in the Tyrol with the heart of Austria, but it insured the land against danger from internal troubles and treasons. And the Baron, with not a little surprise, now saw how he, notwithstanding his stout castle and his stout following, had been all the while within the grasp of the Brothers of the White Cross. Even his own Rittmeister, the valiant Ravendorf, trusted as he was, had been a member of the order. And Von Zildorf could now understand why Ravendorf and certain others of his troop had held him back from expeditions and ventures that would have worked harm to the prosperity of the Tyrol. For years these men had led him across the borders of Bavaria for the following of his wild and lawless traffic.

Von Zildorf never saw his cousin again, nor did Hildegarde and Justine ever meet more. After a little time the Baron, with his family, leaving the Dark Castle to the care and keeping—and to the ownership, if he would have it so—of Ravendorf, left the Tyrol, and went with the Grand Duke Leopold VIII. to Vienna, where, in the happy Christmas time, the nuptials of the beloved monarch with the beautiful and equally beloved Aurora were celebrated.

The Baron had been appointed to an important command in the army, with Sir Otho upon his personal staff, enjoying a rank of which an older and more experienced warrior might have been proud.

The bright and joyous festival time! There were many happy ones in Vienna listening to the sweet chiming of the merry Christmas bells; but the happiest of them all, we wot, were Leopold and Aurora—made one for life—happy in the sweet love they bore each other, and happy in the love of a rejoicing people!

THE END.

NAVAL FIGHT OFF FLORES.

Written in Commemoration of 300th Anniversary.

(After Macaulay.)

Lord Howard gazed across the sea, and long he gazed in vain;
No fleet of goodly merchantmen was bound that day for Spain.
But while the sun was high, and lit the waves for many a mile,
There came a gallant British ship full sail upon the isle.
O thrilling was the news she brought:—"Arm quickly for the fight;
See! fifty lordly galleons now come speeding in your sight!
Bassano comes with ships of war—God aid ye well from heaven!
Bassano's ships are fifty-three, and ye have only seven."
Then spake the English admiral, "Let all the guns be manned,
Get under weigh, spread every sail, and steer far off from land.
Remember how, not long ago, a mighty fleet from Spain
Bore down upon our native coast in all its pride—in vain."
A cheer rang out, the squadron moved upon the heaving wave,
But left behind one noble crew, the bravest of the brave.
Bold Richard Grenville's ship was left—he saw without a fear
The floating castles of the foe far out at sea appear.
"Ho! gunners, quit ye all like men; now smartly sound the drums;
For stragglers yet ashore I'll wait, till every seaman comes.
I've near a hundred sick ashore—go, these abroad to bear!
The sick shall not be left behind for Seville dogs to tear."
They crowded on, the anchor weighed—the fleet was plainly seen;
But, ere he joined Lord Howard's ships, the foe had come between.
And now the battle fiercely raged upon the gleaming sea;
A fight less equal ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
Could they break thro'? Heaven be their aid! the ship pressed madly on,
And strove with desperate rage to pierce the galleons of the Don.
She heeded not their numbers, nor their cannon's dreadful din,
Their basilisk and bombard and their roaring culverin.
The fifteen crews that boarded us we flung into the main;
We fought 'gainst twice five thousand men—ah! who could count the slain?
And tho' by all their cannon-shot Sir Richard's deck was swept,
Right nobly did he hold his own, right well his deck was kept.
When darkness fell, his single ship was mark for all their hate;
Lord Howard's squadron now had gone, and left him to his fate!
The masts were splints, the shrouds were rags—the Spaniards could not board;
Stout Grenville's crew still drove them back, with arquebus and sword.
"Remember the Armada!" pass'd from lip to lip that night,
And no man thought of yielding then, and no man wished for flight.
For country, honor, faith and home, they bore the deadly sleet,
That poured on their devoted ship from the whole Spanish fleet.

At sunrise that heroic crew were prisoners of war,
And still their grand devotion shines, as shines the morning star.*

Rev. J. B. Baynard.

*Of this sea-fight Lord Tennyson exclaimed, "God of battles! was ever a battle like this in the world before!"

LORD NELSON'S GENIUS.

The intellectual endowment of genius was Nelson's from the first; but from the circumstances of his life it was denied the privilege of early manifestation, such as was permitted to Napoleon. It is, consequently, not so much this as the constant exhibition of moral power, force of character, which gives continuity to his professional career and brings the successive stages of his advance, in achievement and reputation, from first to last, into the close relation of steady development, subject to no variation save that of healthy and vigorous growth, till he stood unique—above all competition. This it was—not, doubtless, to the exclusion of that reputation for having a head, upon which he justly prided himself—which had already fixed the eyes of his superiors upon him as the one officer, not yet indeed fully tested, most likely to cope with the difficulties of any emergency. In the display of this, in its many self-revelations—in concentration of purpose, untiring energy, fearlessness of responsibility, judgment sound and instant, boundless audacity, promptness, intrepidity and endurance beyond all proof—the restricted fields of Corsica and the Riviera, the subordinate position at Cape St. Vincent, the failure of Teneriffe, had in their measure been as fruitful as the Nile was soon to be, and fell naught behind the bloody harvests of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Men have been disposed, therefore, to reckon this moral energy—call it courage, dash, resolution, what you will—as Nelson's one and only great quality. It was the greatest, as it is in all successful men of action, but to ignore that this mighty force was guided by singularly clear and accurate perceptions, upon which also it consciously rested with a firmness of faith that constituted much of its power, is to rob him of a great part of his due renown.—"Mahan's Life of Nelson."

The Portrait Painter.

IN the good old days before inns became hotels, and when the London coach pulled up twice daily at the door of every posting house of importance within fifty miles of the metropolis, it was not an uncommon thing for some young artist, stranded for the want of the price of a week's lodging, to paint anew the sign that hung above the hostel door.

Philip Hardinge—so the young man called himself—had lodged and boarded for a week past at the expense of Old Guy Wethered, the landlord of the "Jolly Farmer," at Tapford, a Berkshire village of a certain importance at the time now written of. The young man had brought no luggage with him but a small valise and some painting materials. No one knew who he was or where he came from, and he brought no recommendation, save his sad but handsome face—if that could be considered to be any.

When the week had elapsed Guy Wethered, as became a good man of business, presented his score to Master Hardinge, together with a gentle hint as to the footing upon which the latter stood in his house.

"I do-ant say," began the landlord, "and I do-ant know, if you be somebody or if you be nobody—no offence!—but I'm an old man and you're a young'un—and you may think I do-ant know that I've got a daughter—and you may be sartin that casting sheep's eyes at her do-ant get added to your score! But I tell ye, young man, my girl Grace will marry none but a gentleman born, and I'll have no son-in-law but a man with a full purse."

Master Philip Hardinge listened to these words with a sorry heart. But the landlord's bullying caused no change in his face or manner.

"Here are the last gold pieces I have in the world, honest Guy. They will scarcely discharge my score. I must get more to-morrow. As for your daughter, Grace, none ever yet saw her without loving her. But she is too wise a woman and too dutiful a daughter to marry without her father's approval. Be content, sir, with this."

He walked quickly away, leaving Guy Wethered agape at his gentle manners and perfect straightforwardness. When the old man recovered his self-possession, he felt obliged to admit to himself in confidence that "the lad might almost be a gentleman, if he wasn't an artist."

At this moment Hardinge returned to make an inquiry.

"You told me the Manor House yonder was bought lately by one John Goodchild—an old farmer—did you not?"

"Ay. But you wo-ant make your fortun' at the Manor House. Farmer Goodchild do-ant treat folk that visits him exactly like an angel. They do say, as heared it for certain, he'd a bad son."

"A bad son!" mused Philip Hardinge. Then he inquired if it were not true that Goodchild was away from home.

"Ay, true enough. But he's back again this mornin'. He wo-ant make a rich man o'ye, I warrant. No love of art—as ye call it—in Farmer Goodchild!"

Philip Hardinge thanked him for his warning, but set out nevertheless for the Manor House. The young man was absent for an hour or two.

When he returned his look of disappointment and shame went to the heart of Guy Wethered.

"Look ye! my lad. Your calling baint over-profitable in these parts. Where's your friends? They's bound to help ye."

"Friends!" said Philip, bitterly. "I've no friends—save folk like you, and—and Grace."

"Well, well—it's not Guy Wethered as 'll be hard on one as is down. Look ye! young master. Just you put a coat o' noo paint on yonder signboard, 'Ye Jolly Farmer,' and when 'tis done we won't take any notice if there's a few shillings due either way, for or 'gainst, 'twixt you and me. How'll that suit ye?"

Philip thanked the old man for his kindness and set about the work forthwith. "The Jolly Farmer's" weather-beaten cheeks had some color infused into them, and the rest of his faded appearance was restored to the standard of civilized life. But what most astonished the owner of the signboard was that the Jolly Farmer was thus transformed into a speaking yet flattering likeness of Mr. John Goodchild, the owner of the Manor House.

Master Philip, having no right to trespass further on the generosity of the landlord, now took his leave, and marched up the road to London. At the turn of the way he looked back and kissed his hand to Grace, who watched his disappearing figure from the inn door. A few minutes later on Guy Wethered found his pretty daughter wiping away a tear.

* * * * * * * * *

A whole long year had crawled away and nothing more had been heard at Tapford of the handsome young painter who renovated the sign of the "Jolly Farmer."

By this time Farmer Goodchild came to be well known at the inn. He took a special fancy to Grace, and was never tired of telling her that if he were young enough he would go through fire and water to win her for a wife.

One day, when Goodchild was in a better humor than usual, and when Grace, for some reason which her father could not divine, was in better spirits than she had enjoyed since Philip Hardinge went away, Guy Wethered ventured to ask if the farmer had ever noticed the painting on the signboard.

"Not he!" replied the latter. "He was not in the habit of troubling his head about portrait painting and such-like waste of good materials. If a man only knew how to paint a house, now!—that was something practical, and he would get good wages, even in these hard times!—would he not, Mistress Grace?"

"Well, well; there's something in that, sir," remarked the landlord; "and sure enough, it was a poor profit the young man made out of this job—let alone his regular trade."

"What young man?"

"One Hardinge," explained Wethered, "who lay at the inn well nigh thirteen months agone."

"Hardinge!" repeated Goodchild. "My wife's name—God rest her soul—was Hardinge. And this Hardinge daubed your signboard, did he?"

"Ay, ay—but the rascal daubed to some account, for he left the 'Jolly Farmer' to swing here in the likeness of Master John Goodchild."

"Me!" cried the farmer. "How so?"

"'Tisn't for me to say," answered Guy, "but it's my humble opinion he owed you a grudge for refusing him a job, when he called upon you."

"The beggarly scoundrel!" shouted Goodchild, rising from his chair and pacing the room in great agitation. "The ungrateful young rascal! Why—it is my own son, sir! my ne'er-do-weel only son—Philip Goodchild! Didn't I bring him up from his cradle for a respectable farmer like myself? Didn't I discourage his dreams and his fancies, and rub out his chalk drawings on my oak fences? Didn't I send him to the most expensive school in the country, to teach him Latin and Greek and manners? And after all I've done for him, and all I've said—if he doesn't go and leave me here to take care of the pigs, and betake himself off to London to become famous, forsooth! and a beggar!"

The effect of this burst of eloquence was to strike Guy Wethered dumb with amazement. What a good-for-nothing! what an ingrate! what a criminal was this son, who threw away the chances provided by so wise a father!

The two old fellows condoled with one another till there was no more to be added to the condemnation of so vile a wretch as this monster of ingratitude—Philip Goodchild—otherwise Hardinge.

"And to think," exclaimed Guy Wethered, as a sort of parting shot, "that the young villain cast sheep's eyes at my Grace!" and he looked at his daughter.

To his surprise the girl hid her face in her hands and began to sob hysterically.

"For shame, father!" she cried. "Philip is no villain. He is a brave gentleman, and you don't know—"

"There, there!" said Wethered, trying to soothe her, and honestly sorry to have said or done anything to hurt his daughter's feelings.

"What is't, my chick? What is't we do-ant know?"

"I've had a letter," sobbed Grace.

"Mercy me! girl—what! from him?"

"Yes, father."

"Why, this is serious!" broke in Farmer Goodchild. "The boy's a downright blackguard!"

"A most improper young man!" added Guy Wethered, knitting his shaggy eyebrows.

"And he says—"

"Ay—what does he say?"

"He says that he is on his way hither."

The indignant parents looked at one another aghast.

"He shall never enter my doors again," said Goodchild, with an oath.

"Nor mine," added Wethered, with another expletive.

"And he says—"

"Ay, ay; let's hear it, girl!"

"He says he's making his fortune—"

"The devil he is!"

"The young dog! that's quite another matter."

"And he says—"

"Well, well; out with it, Miss!"

"He says the King sent for him—"

"The King!"

"Yes, and his Majesty has done him great honor, and will have him make the Queen's portrait, and be henceforth one of the Royal Painters in Ordinary."

"What! what! Neighbor Goodchild, we've been hasty."

"You were hasty, neighbor."

"Not I, Farmer; it was you, sir. But—Heaven be praised! Here's the honest lad himself coming down the road, and—Grace, my sweet love, go you to the door to meet him, and bring him hither, and we will all drink the King's health together—"

"And yours, pretty Miss Grace," added Goodchild.

"And yours, Farmer—"

"And yours, Landlord."

And they did so.

Before the day was out Grace was betrothed to Philip Goodchild, and before the month was out the pair were man and wife.

All Tapford was invited to the wedding. And—what is more—all Tapford took care to come.

After this it is almost needless to add that there never lived a happier pair than the landlord's daughter and the Portrait Painter.

CHINESE MEDICINES.

The ways of the Chinese medical man are certainly, like those of the heathen Chinee, peculiar. Chinese medicine is chiefly based on plants, and is taught in books which are often very ancient. In his practice the doctor strictly follows the methods of the master by whom he has been taught. He is, above all things, conservative. With a very grave face, his eyes protected by large spectacles of thick glass, the physician feels the pulse of the patient and never fails to make him show his tongue. Next he examines his eyes and asks a series of questions, the answers to which will help him out in his diagnosis. Then he writes his prescription on a piece of rice paper, and hands it to his pupil, who proceeds to compound it. It should be observed that Chinese doctors both prescribe and sell their remedies. Generally the prescription is made from the directions in some book, which are simply referred to by name or number. The pupil goes to the book for directions. The seeds, herbs, leaves, and stems, the essences of which are to be combined to form the remedy, are generally weighed out or measured and given to the patients with directions to boil them at home with a prescribed quantity of drinking water to a measure which is exactly indicated. "Put all these plants into an earthenware pot with a large glass of water and boil them over a bright fire down to a teacupful; then strain carefully and drink hot." The remedies are all taken in bed, and rest or sleep, if possible, is recommended. The potions as administered have very powerful effects. Chinese doctors have various devices to make their products attractive. They have luxurious shops and modify with liquorice and other substances their vilely tasting pills. These pills are inclosed in capsules of wax as large as pigeons' eggs, which preserve the compound from compact with the air, and are broken when the remedy is taken. One of their remedies is the Daunhu-y, a medicinal oil which produces excellent effects in headache and generally in cases of brain weariness of every kind. It is rubbed on the temples, and is inhaled by strong breathing after having been rubbed upon the nostrils. The basis of the preparation is camphor.

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25—Josephine's Heart	Reinhold Ortmann
26—The Black Tiger	Capt. F. Whittaker
27—Theseus: Hero of Attica	Sylvanus Cobb, Jr
28—The Gunmaker of Moscow	S. Cobb, Jr
29—Florabel's Lover	Laura Jean Libbey
30—Ione	Laura Jean Libbey
31—Parted at the Altar	Laura Jean Libbey
32—Cris Rock	Capt. Mayne Reid
33—Maud Morton	Major Alfred R. Calhoun
34—Parted by Fate	Laura Jean Libbey
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60—The Carletons	Robert Grant
61—Lida Campbell	Jean Kate Ludlum
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63—Little Theresa (Mlle. Desroches)	A. Theuriet
64—The Miser's Daughter	Honore De Balzac
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73—The Little Countess	E. von Dincklage
74—Dear Elsie	From the German
75—The Hungarian Girl	From the German
76—Ottilie Aster's Silence	From the German
77—The Forsaken Inn	Anna Katharine Green
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120—A Lover From Across the Sea	Safford
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122—Love	Honore de Balzac
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The Reclaiming of Waste Land.

A call has been issued for the sixth annual session of the National Irrigation Congress, to be held in the city of Lincoln, Neb. The object of the work of this convention is to open and secure arid America for settlement. It means homes for seventy millions of people, where there are now only six millions in a district comprising in area one-half of the United States. To devise means and to enact proper laws for the protection of the forests of this region means a saving of millions of dollars that now annually go up in fire and smoke through rapine and plunder. To conserve the flood waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and of the other large rivers of arid America means an annual saving to the Government of more than five millions of dollars, and to the inhabitants of the flooded districts of more than three times as many millions of dollars more, besides opening homes for thousands by the use of these conserved waters. To devise just and equable laws for the control and distribution of water and on the apportionment of the land in arid districts. These and many other questions of interest that should command the earnest support of all—North, South and East, as well as the West—will come before the Congress for careful attention and consideration.

Just what it means to turn a sun-scorched and barren plain into a fertile and beautiful farm or garden is something not fully realized by the average citizen of our verdant and densely wooded hills and valleys. It is possible, by the aid of water, to reclaim the most hopeless and unpromising district and to reap abundant harvests where now only the cactus flourishes, and where a few blooming plants have taken root seemingly out of their element, but determined to stay, however unfavorable the situation. They are the squatter sovereigns of the floral kingdom, and are there to preempt their claims to a homestead. They show to the world what might be if man would but supplement the efforts of nature by giving the little of his time and means which would, if judiciously applied, put these arid acres into productive condition, and add immeasurably to the value of this portion of our great domain. The surplus water of the great Northwest is running to waste, when it might, at a relatively small cost, be turned into channels and held in reservoirs from which it could be drawn at will and distributed where it is most needed. Irrigation and the need of lands to be reclaimed by such means does not appeal to the great masses of the American people. They have had land enough and to spare, and it strikes many of them as a novel idea, this planning and working to create tillable land where barrenness and desolation have reigned supreme since the foundation of the world.

Thoroughly to understand the subject of irrigation is a matter of great importance not only to the scientist but to the State and the nation. To store up the wasted water against the time of need is to put bit and bridle upon one of the most powerful of the forces of nature, and to drive it wherever the will of man may dictate is to achieve a signal triumph and add one more proof of the supremacy of mind over the material world.

Worry and Brain-Work.

It is a well-understood fact—at any rate, if it is not well understood, it should be—that it is not work that kills, but worry, and from this text some very sensible and profitable hygienic discourses have been preached during recent years. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Brain work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement and its application to what we see around us are sufficiently evident, yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed. A life of intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our high courts or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmixed with excitement and followed with regularity, is not only a happy life, but is seen also to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental anxieties attended with suppressed emotions and occupations which, from their nature, are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest. Every one has seen a class of men whose early mental training was deficient, and to whom the writing of memoranda was irksome, engaged in middle life in great undertakings and taxing the memory with a mass of complicated business accounts simply because they could more easily remember than write. Their power of memory for a certain class of facts is often truly astonishing, but the strain is at last too much, and they die before their time. The brain worry of some of our school children might usefully furnish illustrations of the truth of the same general proposition.

Bear With the Little Ones.

Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution being made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions," a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience then and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

Plucky People.

If a man does a thing bravely and well, even though it be directly at variance with our habits of thought and action, it is impossible to withhold from him a certain sort of respect. He has courage to assert himself, and, say what we will, we all secretly like that quality, even when it tells against us. A person who goes creepingly and self-depreciatingly through the world like a shy dog in a strange place momently expecting a pursuing stick or stone, will generally get it, but let him "show fight," and he may choose his road free from cowardly interruption. The most courageous wins. Our moral is that this courage should early have the right direction. How many good men are lost to good enterprises through moral timidity. When the time of action comes, they are in fact "deserters." The negative evil they do cannot be estimated.

Success in Business.

Success in business depends largely upon judicious economy and careful attention to minor details. Of course a comprehensive knowledge of the general principles of business is necessary, but even this will not win without the other. The speculating fever is the most fatal malady which can attack a young business man. It unsettles his mind, contaminates his morals and imposes upon his physical nature the double burden of trying to carry on a recognized business meanwhile with his cupidity ever on the alert to increase his gains by other methods. As a natural sequence, he soon becomes unable or unwilling to distinguish between regular and irregular transactions, especially if the latter promises great things in the way of profit. Once a man makes what he calls a successful strike by speculation, he seems to become inoculated with a desire to overreach and take advantage of opportunity to get something for nothing. An honorable and successful life, one upon which the world may look with approval, begins with the clean-handed, clear-headed, honest-hearted boy who puts good, conscientious energy into his daily toil. It continues with the young business man who values his integrity above price and who commands the confidence and respect of the best people of the community in which he lives. It goes on to completion with the middle-aged man with an unspotted record, and closes with the benediction of heaven upon a life devoted to honest well doing. His memory is treasured by friends and strangers alike, and after him follows the enviable reputation of a man who never shirked a responsibility or evaded the payment of a just debt.

I PRAY THEE GIVE ME BACK MY LOVE.

[Written for the New York Ledger.]

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I pray thee give me back my love,
For gazing on thy brow,
I feel within my spirit's depths,
You do not love me now;
I know full well some other form
Has met your truant eye;
Then give me back the love I gave—
I can but weep—and die.

O, give me back my love again—
The painful dream is o'er;
Thy altered looks, thy cold disdain,
Prove that you love no more;
You've brought the treasures from my heart,
In all their native pride;
And now, like some spoiled, petted child,
You cast them all aside.

Give back my love—I'll not reproach—
Upbraidings would be vain;
But rest assured my heart shall ne'er
Respond to yours again;
Go worship at some other shrime—
Perjure thyself anew;
But oh, I pray thee give me back
The love I gave to you.

Rights of Wheelmen and Drivers of Vehicles.

There are, according to all accounts, even in the civilized and enlightened State of New York, men who probably consider themselves respectable, who indulge in what they no doubt look upon as great sport with wheelmen.

A few days ago a couple of teamsters amused themselves by crowding all the cyclists they met into the ditch, causing a number of mishaps and upsets, at all of which they laughed uproariously and considered that they had great fun. At a halting point, where a suitable opportunity presented itself, one of the wheelmen who had been thus treated gave the two some lessons in road manners that they are not likely to forget.

After the courts have decided that the wheel is a vehicle and entitled to all of the rights that attach to ordinary carriages, it would seem to be scarcely a profitable thing for any one to interfere with the cyclers' rights on the highway, but, regardless of this fact, complaints are made almost every day of the insolent arrogance of drivers. There is something also to be said about the encroachments of cyclers as well as others who have occasion to use our public thoroughfares. It is not uncommon to see the driver giving almost the entire road to the bicyclist. Especially is this the case when the driver is himself a rider of the wheel, and knows what it is to be crowded over to some rough and disagreeable portion of the road. It is an easy matter to select the civilized man and woman whether in a carriage or on a wheel. Courtesy is always shown by them to people of all sorts who are met on the way, and even the smallest consideration receives proper recognition.

"Why do you always give more than your half of the road to a wheel?" said one lady to another as they were driving along the way.

"Because," she replied, "I have been crowded into the ditch myself on several occasions, and I don't like it. I give the road on general principles, hoping that those to whom I extend this favor will reciprocate by being courteous, kind and thoughtful when they are out, whether it be on their wheels or driving. Of course there are many persons like the man we just met, for example, who do not seem to be aware that anything is due from them. In this case this man would have been obliged to dismount had I insisted upon my right to half of the road and kept it as I might have done, but he passed without an acknowledgment, and perhaps had not a sufficiently keen sense of right and wrong to know that one was due. He no doubt would have felt annoyed and irritated had he been compelled to dismount, or if I had crowded him into the ditch. It's all in a lifetime, however, and once in a while I meet a rider whose politeness and courtesy make up for all that I do not receive from other people."

—Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request. You must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station.

How to Live a Hundred Years.

BY J. M. FRENCH, M. D.

MR. HOLMES wittily states the first requisite for long life when he argues in favor of the right of a child to select its own grandparents. There must be an inborn, hereditary tendency to reach old age or all other means will prove a failure.

The importance of this factor of inheritance is shown by the wide variation in the longevity of different families. Take two as an illustration. In one all the members are noted in early life for health, vigor and physical perfection. To all appearance every vital organ is sound and every function perfectly performed. Yet it is very rare for any member of this family to reach fifty years of age. They break down at the first attack of serious disease, or grow old before their time, and die of senility in early middle life. They have no resisting force, no power of endurance. They were not made for long life. The members of the other family are less vigorous in youth, are oftener ill and oftener recover. They are less strong and robust, but they have greater tenacity of life. They were made to last, and for generations the majority have lived to be seventy, eighty and ninety years of age.

Benjamin Ward Richardson calculates that if the ages of the two parents and four grandparents be added together, and their sum divided by six, the quotient will be the probable age to be attained by such of the offspring as have already reached adult life. If the ages of the parents are above the average, the offspring tend to improve upon them; if below, the life of the children will probably be shorter.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the celebrated Jew, who died in 1885 in his 101st year, furnishes a good illustration of inherited longevity. The average age of his grandparents on one side was ninety years. His parents were aged respectively seventy-nine and eighty-three years, while his sisters reached the ages of eighty-four, seventy-nine and eighty-three years, and his brothers seventy-five and sixty-nine years, making an average of eighty-one and a half years for the entire family of eight.

Thomas Parr, who died in England in 1635 at the great age of 152 years, left a daughter who died at the age of 127, three grandsons who reached 125, 126 and 127, and a great-grandson who died at 103.

But not only families but races and nations differ in longevity. The Jewish race stands out in all history as the most notable example of great longevity. While they are not robust and suffer from many ailments, they yet possess an endurance against disease and a tenacity of life in every land and climate, and under all varieties of sanitary and insanitary conditions, superior to that of any other race, people or nation.

The colored race in America has as a whole a much shorter duration of life than the white, though under favorable circumstances the proportion of centenarians among them is perhaps larger. Americans according to the "Medical Record," are longer lived than the corresponding classes in England. General Walker shows that among foreigners in this country the death rate of the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes is much less than that for the general population, while that for the French and Irish is considerably above it.

For the man who sets out in life properly equipped with a good constitution and long-lived ancestors, the next most important thing is right habits of life. He should early learn the laws of health and the need of obeying them. Too many seem never to comprehend that health is a matter of obedience to law, and that every violation of law is sure sooner or later to bring its penalty. Even when the penalty comes they are slow to comprehend its significance. They are like the Sunday-school superintendent who, in apologizing to his pupils for his absence on the previous Sabbath, stated as his excuse that the hand of the Lord had been laid heavily upon him in sickness. Going on to explain the matter more fully, it appeared that his illness had been caused by eating too freely of clam chowder the night before.

Professor Humphrey, of Cambridge, England, who made a study of the habits of persons known to have reached unusually advanced life, found that, in both eating and drinking, great moderation was the rule. Of animal food the majority took but little. In the use of alcoholic drinks also he found evidence of extreme moderation. Many were total abstainers, and some who had used alcohol in small amounts earlier in life were taking none in old age. As to the effect of alcohol upon longevity we have in our own country the testimony of Col. Jacob L. Greene, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, that "among persons selected with care for physical soundness and sobriety the death rate is more profoundly affected by the use of intoxicating drinks than from any other cause apart from heredity."

Edward Everett Hale, on his seventieth birthday, summed up his philosophy of healthful living in these three rules: "First, never do anything yourself that you can make others do for you; secondly, never bother yourself about who gets the credit of what's done; thirdly, have all your work done by three o'clock in the afternoon, and then go larking about

Continued on page 13.

CRETHERTON'S HEART BEAT WITH RAGE AS KATE TURNED AND CLASPED THE HAND OF ROBERT GRAYSON.

THE MASTER OF THE CRAFT;*

OR,

The Inside History of a Great Scheme.

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "In the China Sea," "Under the Crescent and Sword," "On a False Charge," etc.

["THE MASTER OF THE CRAFT" was commenced in No. 35. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published: The scene of this story opens in a variety theatre in New York City. Robert Grayson and his sister Bertha were the children of a literary genius who died leaving them in dire poverty—their sole inheritance being the unpractical talent of their father. Robert, being without training either in the business or professional world, tries to support himself and his sister by writing songs for the variety theatre, but with indifferent success, although he finds a friend in a music hall singer named Maggie Rush, but who is known on the stage as "Mademoiselle de Villois," and she tries in every way to popularize his songs. Among other characters in the story are James Pardon, president of the New York and Havana Importing and Exporting Company, his beautiful daughter, Kate Pardon, and Thomas Cretherton, his confidential clerk. The latter is in love with his employer's daughter, or rather with her money, and by the use of some secret concerning the past life of Mr. Pardon, he endeavors to further his purpose. The clerk associates with him a worthless fellow named Jim Rush, brother of Maggie, who has some hold upon him, and being desirous of paying the debt and at the same time getting Rush in his power, plans to have Jim Rush rob Kate Pardon of some money she received from her father for a charitable purpose. While Kate is on this errand of mercy, she is attacked by the ruffian. Young Grayson happens along, fells the rascal to the ground, and Kate faints in his arms. Grayson carries her to his apartments and leaves her in the care of his sister Bertha. Kate Pardon's injuries were not serious, and she soon recovered. Robert Grayson accompanied her to her home. Kate's father is very grateful for the service rendered to his daughter, and a friendship is established. Two new characters are now introduced in the story—namely, George Dunwood and Carver Hampton, two young men of fashion, one of whom falls in love with Bertha Grayson, and, seeing her at the theatre with her brother, seeks an introduction through Maggie Rush, the variety singer. Thomas Cretherton, Mr. Pardon's confidential clerk, having proposed for the hand of Kate Pardon, and her father having promptly and contemptuously refused him, he resolves to make use of certain events in the life of Mr. Pardon that will bend him to his wishes. He overhears a conversation between Mr. Pardon and his lawyer, a Mr. Bemis, in regard to the former's life in Cuba and his associates. Richard Roscoe, Pardon's accomplice and witness to the crimes of the latter while in Cuba, visits the home of the Pardons and levies large sums of money as the price of his silence. After a while Roscoe's exactions increase until finally he demands his victim's daughter, the beautiful and innocent Kate, in marriage. Roscoe promises to deliver into Pardon's hands the documents that prove his guilt as payment for the sacrifice. Pardon apparently complies with the terms, but in reality resolves to kill Roscoe. Thomas Cretherton, from a closet where he has concealed himself, overhears the demand of Roscoe and the compliance of Pardon, and then resolves to kill both—thereby thinking to gain both the hand of the daughter and her father's wealth. Cretherton murders Mr. Pardon and Roscoe and places their bodies in such a position as to give the impression that they killed each other.]

CHAPTER X.

THE INQUEST.

IT was the day of the coroner's inquest.

No tragedy of the city of New York had in years attracted the attention that the mysterious death of James Pardon and his guest, Richard Roscoe, had aroused in all circles and among all classes.

The room in which the inquest was to be held was filled to suffocation. Among those present were Mrs. Pardon and Kate and Thomas Cretherton, who had all been summoned as witnesses.

There were other witnesses there who will appear in the order in which they were called upon to testify.

Cretherton sat with Kate Pardon and her mother. No friend in all New York had come to them so soon, or had been so tender and anxious to help them in their trouble as this same Thomas Cretherton, the "Master of the Craft." The sudden and overwhelming grief, the mystery that veiled it, the publicity and the horror, had so tormented the poor widow of James Pardon that she was glad of some strong arm to lean upon, and felt gratefully toward Cretherton for his kind solicitude. Even Kate, who had not liked the man, acknowledged that he had been most kind, and she felt that perhaps in her prejudice she had not done him justice.

One of the most actively interested spectators at the inquest was the attorney of an insurance company, who was there to protect the company. It was for him to prove, if possible, that James Pardon came to his death by his own hand. The policy on Pardon's life was to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. And, as is usual in the cases of such large policy, it held what is known as the "Suicide Clause." That is, it was provided by the restrictions of the policy that it should become void if the insured took his own life.

By the time the Pardons and Cretherton arrived the jury were all ready in their places, and there was no delay in the proceedings.

Kate and her mother were both weeping, and they received the pitying as well as the curious glances of those present.

The first witness called was Michael Birney, the night watchman.

Birney, being sworn, was ready to answer questions.

"What is your name?" asked the coroner.

"Michael Birney."

"Your occupation?"

"Night watchman for the New York and Havana Importing and Exporting Company."

"You were the first to discover the bodies of the president of the company and Richard Roscoe on the day of their deaths?"

"I was."

"Give us a full account of how you made this discovery, what led up to it, and what you did after you had made it."

"Yes, sir. My duty requires me to report at the office of the company at six o'clock every evening. On Friday I got there at the usual time. It is the rule that a clerk in the office of the treasurer of the company, one John Hopewell, shall remain in the offices of the company until I come. He then gives me the keys of the office and goes home. On Friday when I arrived I looked for Hopewell where I generally found him, but he was not there. I did not consider this strange at the time, for he is sometimes in one of the other rooms belonging to the company. I then looked for him in the secretary's room, but he was not there. Then I went to the office of the president and there I found Mr. Pardon, the president, and a man whom I did not know, lying dead on the floor. I became frightened, and did not touch either of them. I ran into the street and called the police officer on beat. He entered the room with me, and then placed me under arrest. I was taken to the police station at the corner of Liberty and Church Streets, where I told the same story I am telling now, and was let go. A detective was sent to the scene, and I went with him. He—"

"That will do, Mr. Birney," said the coroner. "We will let the detective give his own testimony."

"I have no more to tell, sir."

"Very well. William Bidwell?"

A man about thirty years of age took the witness chair.

"Your name and occupation?" asked the coroner.

"William Bidwell, detective, at present attached to the Second Precinct."

"Were you the detective sent by the captain of your precinct to the office of the New York and Havana Company on Friday evening?"

"I am."

"Tell us what you found there."

"I found two men lying dead. One lay

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on his back, near the main entrance to the room, with two wounds in his breast made with a knife. I found a knife, covered with blood, and evidently the one used, lying near him. The other body lay partly on its side, with one bullet hole in its shoulder and another in its heart. The pistol that inflicted these wounds was clasped in the hand of the other man. The watchman of the company who was with me identified the man who had been shot as James Pardon, the president of the company. The other he did not know, although he thought he had seen him before. I at once notified you—the coroner—and with the policeman on the beat began an examination of the premises. There are two doors opening into the office of the president, both from the corridor of the building. One of these doors was fastened open by having a heavy desk placed against it. There is a large safe directly before the door so that a man could enter without being seen. There is a large closet full of old books and records, which has evidently not been used for some time. This would afford a hiding place for an enemy if one wished to lie in wait for a person in the office. There was no appearance that the closet had been so used. We found the safe locked. In one of the pockets of the president we found several keys, some of which opened various drawers in his desk. In one of these drawers we found a revolver fully loaded. From this circumstance we reasoned that Mr. Pardon had been the first attacked. He was evidently unprepared for the assault, and did not have time to get his pistol from the drawer. The knife, we learned, was one that was in constant use as a paper cutter. The theory of the police is that the man known now as Richard Roscoe entered the presence of Mr. Pardon with the intent to commit a crime. Mr. Pardon strove to save his own life by using his paper cutter. The battle could not have been very long, for one man had only two wounds and the other three. Moreover, but a short time elapsed between the exit of the last clerk who left the place and the coming of Watchman Birney."

"Was there any disturbance of papers or furniture to show that the intruder was caught by Mr. Pardon in the act of robbing his office?"

"None."

"That will do. John Hopewell?"

A boyish looking young man answered to the name. He was pale, and evidently badly frightened.

"You are a clerk in the office of the treasurer of the company of which James Pardon was president, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"It has been your duty to remain at the office until the night watchman comes?"

"Yes, sir."

"How was it that you were not there on Friday when Birney arrived?"

"On Friday afternoon about five o'clock, after most of the men had gone, I was alone in the treasurer's office. Mr. Pardon walked through and saw me. He asked me if I was waiting for the watchman. I told him I was. He told me I could go. He said he was expecting a man to come to see him at six o'clock, and as he would be there when the watchman came there was no need for me to wait. So I left. That is all I know about the case."

"Did Mr. Pardon seem to be acting under any excitement?"

"He seemed to act as usual."

"He was not pale or nervous?"

"No, sir."

"Was it a usual thing for Mr. Pardon to receive business calls so late?" asked the attorney for the insurance company.

"Answer that question as well as you can," said the coroner.

"It could scarcely be said to be usual, although he had done so before," replied Hopewell. "I have known him to wait in his office for people."

"It is important to show that Pardon planned to meet this visitor," said the attorney for the insurance company. "If Pardon planned a deliberate murder and lost his life in the execution of that plan, I think the courts will hold that this invalidates his policy."

The coroner shook his head.

"There is at least no hope of bringing in a verdict of suicide," he said. "The fact that Pardon killed his victim with a weapon totally different from the one he was killed with proves that he did not do both acts. The only thing to be determined here is whether Pardon committed a deliberate murder and lost his own life in doing it, or whether he was attacked and lost his life in defending it."

"I came here expecting to prove suicide," said the attorney. "But now I see the impossibility of it. One of the victims being killed with a knife and the other with a pistol proves that they fought, each with his own weapon, to the death. I can but hope that it will be shown that Pardon was the aggressor."

"Thomas Cretherton," said the coroner.

There was not a person in the room more calm and collected than Cretherton as he took the chair.

"What is your exact relation with the New York and Havana Company?" asked the coroner.

"I was private secretary to the president," answered the Master of the Craft.

"At what time did you leave the office on Friday last?"

"At about half-past five."

"Mr. Pardon was there then, was he?"

"Yes. He had made an engagement with the man known as Richard Roscoe to meet him at six."

"Had you ever met this Roscoe?"

"Several times. He had been a frequent visitor at the office during the past two or three weeks. Before that he had never been seen there."

"What seemed to be the existing relations between him and Mr. Pardon?"

"On the surface they seemed friendly. But it was evident that they were not friends. I heard Roscoe let fall several words at which Mr. Pardon turned pale. It occurred to me that Roscoe was a very bad man, and that Mr. Pardon was afraid of him. Roscoe was a guest in Mr. Pardon's house, and it would seem that such would not be the case if they were enemies. But if Roscoe had it in his power to demand any service of Mr. Pardon, he may have been an unwelcome guest."

"What do you mean by having it in his power to demand service?"

"I heard Roscoe threaten Pardon once. I do not know what the threat was or what he demanded. But I know that he was a wicked man, and Mr. Pardon was afraid of him."

"Had Roscoe arrived when you left the office on Friday?"

"He had not. I left Mr. Pardon alone. I heard him tell Hopewell to go just a few minutes before I left myself. Of course, had I suspected that there was foul play in the air I would not have left my employer alone."

"Probably not. The trouble is that rascals, when they plan a misdeed, do not tell us of it beforehand. Do you recognize this knife?"

"Yes. It is one that Mr. Pardon constantly used to cut leaves of books or for any purpose where a sharp knife would be used. He carried a pocket-knife, and this was used instead. I have seen him use it in eating apples, and I have known him to sharpen lead pencils with it. It lay on his desk, close at hand, and it was less trouble for him to pick it up than to open a knife from his pocket."

"Did you ever see this revolver before?"

"Yes. That revolver once belonged to me. About a year ago I was cleaning it and it exploded close to my side. I was not injured, but I became timid of firearms, and gave that to Mr. Pardon. He laughed when I gave it to him, and put it in the drawer. He said he would leave it there, as he had one at home."

"Was it kept loaded?"

"It was loaded when I gave it to Mr. Pardon, and as he never to my knowledge used it, it would be loaded now."

"What kept you so late at the office on Friday? Is it usual for you to remain there after the clerks in the other offices are gone?"

"I have nothing to do with the clerks in the other offices. They work on established rules, come and go at a certain time every day, do the same work all the time. I do not. My work is governed by the needs of each day in itself. I write the letters, attend, in fact, to all of Mr. Pardon's correspondence, and keep the private records of the company. Sometimes I leave early and sometimes late. Friday was a busy day, and I remained until the time stated to finish up the work on hand."

"When did you first learn of the death of Mr. Pardon?"

"At seven o'clock that night. The detective arrested me at my boarding house and took me to the Second Precinct Station. There I gave my testimony, and was taken to the office to identify Mr. Pardon and Richard Roscoe."

"How did you know Roscoe's name?"

"Mr. Pardon told me what it was."

"When did you and Mr. Pardon have this conversation about Roscoe?"

"A few days ago. I do not remember just now how it came up. It was not an important conversation. The man was mentioned, and I asked Mr. Pardon who he was. He told me his name was Richard Roscoe."

"Is there anything you can say that would tend to throw any light upon this subject?"

"Nothing. I wish there was. I am sincerely attached to the family of my old employer, as I was to him, and wish it was in my power to untangle this mystery for them."

"That will do."

Cretherton stepped away and took his place by Kate Pardon's side. Truly, he stood unchallenged as the "Master of the Craft."

"Mrs. Pardon?"

Mrs. Pardon removed her veil.

"Mrs. Pardon," began the coroner, "you had as your guest the man known as Richard Roscoe, had you not?"

"He was my husband's guest," replied Mrs. Pardon, in a low voice. "My husband introduced him to us a week ago, telling us that he was a friend of youthful days. Richard Roscoe had just come from Australia, and told me much concerning my brother who is there, and whom I have not seen in many years. This was a sort of bond of friendship between us and tended to make me overlook the repulsiveness of the man. Even were this not so any guest of my husband would have been made welcome. There was something about the man that I did not like, and this feeling was shared by my daughter Kate. I am quite certain that there was some mysterious connection between the man and my husband, for Mr. Pardon did not seem to be the same man after Roscoe entered the house. He was as loving and kind as usual, but seemed to be under some restraint. He usually was a sound and untroubled sleeper. But after Roscoe came he moved much and muttered in his sleep. On the night before the—the death, he seemed to have a terrible nightmare. He groaned and spoke my daughter's name. He said: 'Oh! my darling Kate! My darling Kate! It cannot be!' I woke him up and asked him what the trouble was, and he laughed and said he was only dreaming. But he had never dreamed so before, and I believe that Richard Roscoe had something to do with it."

"Did your husband and Roscoe seem to be friendly?"

"My husband seemed to be friendly to Roscoe. But during the early portion of his visit Roscoe did not seem very friendly. He took our hospitality as a matter of right. Latterly he had been different—especially to Kate. But there was no warm friendliness anywhere."

"Let Miss Kate Pardon testify."

Kate, weeping profusely, walked to the witness chair. As she stepped out, Thomas Cretherton rose to assist her. At the same time, a tall young man stepped toward her, and gave her his hand. She took it, and allowed him to lead her to the chair. Cretherton was surprised and angered. When Kate was seated her cavalier turned, and for one brief moment the serpent-like eyes of Thomas Cretherton looked into the calm, inscrutable ones of Robert Grayson.

Kate's testimony was unimportant, being but a corroboration of her mother's, which was not in itself very important. The treasurer and secretary testified long enough to show that they knew nothing of the affair. "Was robbery committed? Has any money been missed?" was asked of the treasurer.

"No," was the reply. "No money belonging to the company is missing. The safe in Mr. Pardon's office was his private safe. It was locked. But I could not tell whether money had been taken from it or not."

Then the surgeons told the causes of death.

"There is no doubt that Mr. Pardon was attacked first," said one of them. "The wounds made by the knife in Richard Roscoe were of such a nature that he could not have made an attack after he had received any one of them, except the unimportant cut in his right arm. Either of the wounds in his breast would have taken from him the power to stand erect. The blood on the floor indicates a struggle. My theory is that Roscoe entered the office to demand something from Pardon, which was refused. Maddened by this refusal, Roscoe drew his pistol and shot Pardon in the shoulder. Pardon had no time to get out his own pistol and seized the paper knife, which was handy, and stabbed his assailant. As Roscoe was falling he probably fired at random, and the shot chanced to hit Pardon in a vital spot. After this Roscoe died of his wounds."

This theory met the views of the wise men present, and the case went to the jury. The verdict was soon returned.

"We believe that Mr. James Pardon and Richard Roscoe came to their deaths at each other's hands. We believe that Roscoe made the first attack, and that Pardon, in protecting his own life, lost it. The shot that killed Pardon was probably accidental, but the motive that took Roscoe to his office was murderous. Therefore, Roscoe is the real murderer, but as he is dead and his punishment is already in the hands of the Almighty God, there is no one to charge with the crime, and our duty extends no further than to declare Roscoe the murderer and James Pardon his innocent victim."

It was over. Cretherton led Mrs. Pardon and Kate to their carriage, and his heart beat with rage as she turned and clasped the hand of Robert Grayson as she was leaving.

It was a great verdict for Cretherton, and proved that he had not overestimated himself when he took the title of The Master of the Craft of Crime.

CHAPTER XI

MASTER AND MAN.

In the same room in which Cretherton and Jim Rush planned the robbery of Kate Pardon, these two worthies were again sitting with a bottle and some glasses on the table between them. They were alone, and had taken the precaution to insure absolute quiet. Thus their rascally plans could be formulated without fear of interruption. Rush knew from the fact that Cretherton had brought him to this place that some new scheme was afoot. But even his hardened mind was not prepared for the startling plot that the bolder Cretherton was about to unfold.

"Jim," said Cretherton, in a whisper, "are you ready to embark in the greatest scheme of your life?"

"I am generally ready for anything that promises to pan out well," replied Rush.

"This scheme of mine is sure to pan out well, and not only well, but far beyond your wildest dreams."

Rush snorted.

"I don't have them," he said, with contempt. "I leave them for that fellow Grayson."

"Grayson? Is that the song-writing fellow who is such a friend of Kate Pardon?"

"That's the one. Mag is stuck on him herself, but I don't take much stock in him."

"Well, this scheme has nothing to do with him, Jim; the world is our nut if you have the nerve to help me crack it."

"You don't usually question my nerve," said Jim.

"I don't usually come to you with a plan like this. This is no fool of a job, Jim. You will need all your wits about you."

"Well, let's hear about it."

"Jim," and here Cretherton became very impressive, "I want you to become a man of about fifty-five years of age, and to arrive in New York from Australia."

Jim looked with wide-open mouth at the master scamp.

"Well, by thunder! I thought Grayson had such spells to himself. But you are as bad as he ever was. How can I jump to fifty-five years of age? I am only forty. And even if I could add fifteen years to my age at your bidding I don't fancy the trip to Australia and back. I never was on the sea."

"Don't talk nonsense. You are usually shrewd enough to catch on when I say a thing. Of course I want you to disguise yourself. It will not be much trouble for you to make yourself look fifteen years older. And as for the trip, I only want you to pretend to come from Australia."

"Oh! that's better. Well, go on and let me hear the rest of it."

"Does Kate Pardon know you very well?"

"She don't know me at all. I hardly ever see her, and when I do I keep away from her. She has sharp eyes and might remember too much about that night on Second Avenue. She comes to see the Graysons often, but I steer clear of them, too."

"That is right. Now I will tell you the scheme. Jim, there was more in that case of Jim Pardon and Richard Roscoe than you or any one else ever suspected."

"I thought there must be some secret about it. Why, it is three weeks now since they died, and it has been almost forgotten."

"Yes, but I am going to tell you the secret. Richard Roscoe was an old friend of Pardon's. They had been mixed up in some bad kind of business in Cuba and Pardon had thought for many years that Roscoe was dead. Well, it seems that Roscoe possessed full information of a robbery that had long ago been committed by Pardon. The world had not gone well with Roscoe, and he came to New York to extort money from Pardon. This scheme worked all right, and he compelled Pardon to take him home as a guest. You know all about that. The papers were full of the testimony at the inquest. Of course they could not give the facts, but you remember what was said about the evident fear with which Pardon looked upon Roscoe. Pardon promised to give Roscoe one hundred thousand dollars to keep his mouth shut. This seemed to be satisfactory to Roscoe until he had set his eyes on Kate Pardon. Then he wanted to marry her."

Rush was gazing in awe at the possessor of this knowledge.

"How did you learn all this?" he asked.

"I have ways of finding out things. Never mind that. Suffice to say I know what I am talking about. Pardon made the agreement to meet Roscoe at his office on that night and Roscoe was to give up a certain affidavit covering Pardon's crime for the permission to marry Kate. But Pardon had it in for Roscoe, and there is no doubt that he made the first attack instead of Roscoe."

"But you said different at the time."

"I did not want the Pardons to lose the life insurance. But now I come to your part. While Roscoe was a guest of the Pardons he pretended that he had just come from Australia. Mrs. Pardon had a brother William—William Marsdon—who went to Australia twenty-five years ago. He was a lieutenant during the war. You will need to bear that in mind. She asked Roscoe if he had ever met William, and he, to keep up the deception, said he knew William well; that he lived in Adelaide, and that he was rich. Now, Jim, I have made up my mind that Kate Pardon is to be my wife."

"Whew! Why don't you ask her, then?"

"I have asked her. I asked her last night, and she refused me. If she had accepted me I would not have needed your assistance. But she will have nothing to do with me, and with your help I am going to force her to marry me."

"Good. But what has the brother of her mother to do with that?"

"I will tell you. Roscoe delighted Mrs. Pardon by telling her that Marsdon had determined to leave Australia and come back to New York and live. Mrs. Pardon is very anxious that he should come. She has even written to him at Adelaide telling him of Pardon's death and asking him to hurry home. You see Kate is not yet twenty, and she wants this Marsdon. You are to be Marsdon. Roscoe has paved the way for you, and all you have to do is to arrive, according to your previous plan, as stated by Roscoe. She will not suspect anything, because Roscoe told her that Marsdon was coming. She will meet you with open arms, and you will be made Kate's guardian. Then, when you get the reins in your hands, you are to compel her to marry me."

Rush sat chewing the end of a cigar.

"But you say she has written to Marsdon."

"Pshaw! She wrote to Adelaide. He isn't there. Roscoe never heard of the man until Pardon posted him. You are safe enough."

"Why don't you do it yourself? You are better fitted for the swell life than I am."

"There are several reasons why I do not. If I appear as Marsdon, I cannot very well compel the girl to marry her uncle. Then again I have a very important matter on hand which will require all my skill to work out. Really, your part of the scheme is so dead easy that I thought you would jump at it."

"I haven't refused, have I? But I want to get the whole thing in my mind. Here you have been studying the thing for weeks and expect me to grasp it with as keen a grip as you have. Let me get my bearings."

"What do you want to know?"

"What kind of a fellow is this Mars-

don? That is, what kind of a man was he? How would I know how to act?"

Cretherton took a picture from his pocket.

"There is his picture, taken years ago in uniform," he said. "You know that since Pardon died I have been of some service to the Pardons, and have had the run of their house. I found this picture in the album. I heard Roscoe tell Pardon that Mrs. Pardon once showed it to him and he said that Marsdon looked like that now only he was old and gray. Had a gray beard, wore patent-leather shoes, gold eye glasses and was altogether quite a swell."

"Huh! How can I get myself up like that? I have just about fifty cents to my name."

"I have plenty of money for our purposes. You must get some good clothes. Have them all of English stuff. My idea of Marsdon, as he should appear after Roscoe's imaginary description, is a man built something like you, sturdy, as a sheep-raiser in Australia would likely be, wearing good and expensive clothes, but not a man of polish. He should rather overdo the matter of style, and if he was a trifle rough in his speech it would do no harm. A life at sheep-raising in Australia is not calculated to put much polish on a man. As to that, I think if you acted out your actual self it would be about right. All you need is the get-up, and some information about Australia. But the Pardons are not likely to question your knowledge of that. We must get a valise and paste labels all over it."

"Labels?"

"Yes; travelers have baggage labels on their valises, you know. There must be one or two from towns in Australia, partly rubbed off, and one of San Francisco, taken on its transit. The bag must not be too new. I have one that they have never seen, which will just about do."

"And suppose I make up my mind, when I have everything my own way, to marry Kate myself?"

A crafty smile appeared on Cretherton's face.

"I have thought of that," he said. "I do not intend you shall have everything quite your own way. You are there to do my bidding—that is all. If you do that well I will make you rich. But if I see any signs of crooked work I shall be forced to play a card or two that you do not suspect."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean simply this. I have studied your career some during the past two weeks, and I know something about a woman who was married to one James Rush some few years ago, and—"

"That she-devil!" exclaimed Rush, starting up. "Where is she?"

"That is my business and hers," said Cretherton, waving his hand. "You tried hard to get rid of her, and so far succeeded that she does not know where you are. But I know where she is, and the first sign of trickery or treachery on your part brings her down on you."

Rush had become pale and agitated.

"Cretherton," he said, "you are the devil himself. You seem to have all the powers of darkness at command. How did you learn that?"

"Never mind. The question is, will you do as I say?"

"Yes, of course. I would anyway. I did not mean what I said about marrying Kate. I never fancied her much."

"I suppose not," replied Cretherton, smiling. "She is not exactly your style. Well, then, it is all settled. You are William Marsdon. We must select a good disguise. To-morrow you must arrive. I will visit a few offices I know where I can get the labels we want without exciting suspicion. The bag will be ready to-night."

"I am ready. I can fix up a disguise that will be just the ticket. But, say! How much am I to get out of this?"

"Well, if you do your work well, you shall have the same amount that Roscoe was to get—one hundred thousand dollars."

"Whew!" exclaimed Rush, who had never owned a hundred dollars in his life. "Can you do that? It was one thing for Pardon to promise it when he was making money all the time. But he is dead. Suppose the fortune of the Pardons dwindles?"

"If the fortune of the Pardons falls to twenty cents, I expect to be in possession of enough to pay you that and more if you want it."

"What is your lay?"

"That is not for you to know. It is not part of this plan. You will surely be paid. That is all you care to know. Now you will need money to rig out with and to enable you to appear like a man of wealth, for Roscoe so described Marsdon. Here are two thousand dollars. When it is gone come to me for more."

Rush took the money in trembling fingers.

"I don't know where you got it," he said, in admiration, "but I will say again, Cretherton, that you are a master hand at this kind of business."

"I am the Master of the Craft," said Cretherton.

"Then the devil is your best friend."

"He stands by me well. Now, Jim, you would not like a certain Lizzie to come down on you, would you?"

"My wife? Good heavens, no! Why, she is the only mortal I am afraid of. Hang her! I hoped she was dead."

"That is always the hope of the weak against the strong," said Cretherton, musing. "Pardon hoped Roscoe was dead. You hoped Lizzie was dead. Both were disappointed. But if you do your work well, she will not molest you."

"Oh, I will do my work all right! By thunder! I begin to enjoy the thing. Why, with this money in my hand I feel as if I could do anything. What a power money gives you, eh, Tom?"

"I guess it does. And you shall have plenty of it."

"How shall I begin? I mean what would be the best way to knock down to them?"

"You mean to introduce yourself as William Marsdon? Why, get yourself up as I have said, take a cab to the door, and simply act as if you were looking for Mrs. Pardon. You must not know anything about Pardon's death, of course, for you would not have time to get here after receiving her letter in Australia. You must not know she sent the letter. Just ask if James Pardon lives there, and when they tell you yes, say that William Marsdon from Adelaide, Australia, desires to see Mrs. Pardon."

"That's easy."

"Is it? What would you call her?"

"Why, Mrs. Pardon, of course."

"Would you, indeed? Is that the way you would address your sister whom you were delighted to see after years of separation?"

"Well, by Jerusalem! What is the woman's name?"

"Her name is Mercy."

"Mercy! Mercy—Pardon! Now who the deuce would name a child like that?"

"You idiot, she was not named like that. She was christened Mercy Marsdon. By her marriage to Pardon she obtained the peculiar combination of names."

"That's so. By Jove, Tom, you think of everything. What a splendid villain you would make if you ever turned your hand to it."

"Thanks," said Cretherton, not noticing the sarcasm, which, indeed might not have been intended. For men like Jim Rush, who live by crime, are often ridiculously tenacious of what they call their "honor," and are prone to designate as villainy the acts of all other rogues but themselves.

"Mercy—Pardon. That's my sister, eh?"

"Yes."

"And Kate is my dear niece. I must be glad to see her after all these years, eh?"

"No, you fool; she was not born when Marsdon went away. You will spoil the whole thing with your stupidity if you do not take care."

"Oh, I will take care. You won't find any fault in the way I play the part once I get there," said Jim.

There was a crafty look on his face that almost matched that on Cretherton's.

"You meet me here to-night made up—no, that will not do. Bring your disguise to my rooms to-night at eight. We can examine it and see how I like it. I will give you the valise, then."

"All right, I will be there," said Rush.

"And now let us drink to the success of our scheme. Of course only the beginning has been gone over now. I will coach you in the part every day."

"Of course," said Jim, drinking.

The two conspirators separated. Cretherton was more than ever satisfied with himself as a master. Jim Rush chuckled inwardly as he went to his home in the Windthorpe.

"Ho! ho! I'm dumb, ain't I?" he said to himself. "I did make out to be pretty thick. But I may show Cretherton a point or two before I get through with this."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 40.]

ROMANCE OF AN ENGLISH BARMAID.

The Duke of Chandos, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was conspicuous for his peculiarities and the magnificence of style in which he lived. Strange to say, at the same time, he was the soul of thrift. His country seat, Canons, had cost him $1,000,000. He dined in public, like the King, with music playing and surrounded by his Swiss guards. In 1719 the Duke, while on a journey, stopped at the "Castle Inn" at Marlborough. Just as his gorgeous gilded coach rolled into the courtyard, frightful shrieks were heard, and a young girl of remarkable beauty, but whose golden locks and white face were streaming with blood, was seen rushing frantically hither and thither, trying to escape from a brutal man, the hostler of the inn, who was striking her with the butt end of a heavy horsewhip. The enraged Duke ordered the wretch to stop, but the hostler replied that the girl, who was a barmaid at the inn, was his wife, and he could do what he liked with her, offering at the same time, with a wicked leer, to sell his right to the Duke. The latter took him at his word, threw down twenty guineas, and when he left the town took the unlucky barmaid with him. Now you will see that all dukes are not bad, for the Duke of Chandos had his protégée well educated and she developed into an elegant and accomplished woman, who afterward became the wife of Sir Thomas Duval.

Sir Thomas, however, lived but a few years, and, dying, left a fortune of £40,000 to his widow. During this interval, however, the Duchess of Chandos also died, and then, in the year 1735, the noble Duke wedded the ex-barmaid, and the chronicles tell us he never repented the bargain, for he wrote in his will: "I owe the greatest comfort I have enjoyed in this life to my Duchess, Lydia Catherine." And, furthermore, he ordered that in death they should not be divided, and that a marble monument should be erected to her.

How to Live a Hundred Years.

Continued from page 10.

enjoying yourself." Count von Moltke, when asked in his ninetieth year to what he ascribed his healthy old age, replied: "To God's grace and temperate habits." One of these habits was that of taking outdoor exercise in all weather. Gladstone gives as his first rule of life: "Never overload your ship, never let your business overlap," and as his second, but not less important, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

A sage whose name has not been handed down gave as his rule for attaining long life: "Have an incurable disease and take care of it." A more suggestive answer can hardly be imagined. With the large majority of people it is not so much ignorance of the laws of health as carelessness in observing them. Whatever leads men to give heed to known law tends to promote longevity. And in simple habits, temperate living, pure air and abundant exercise will be found the open sesame to old age.

Another requisite for him who would reach a hundred years is healthful employment. Idleness is a greater foe to old age than is hard work. As a general rule, those occupations are most favorable to long life which involve pure air and a life largely out of doors, and which furnish abundant exercise and harmonious development for both body and mind; which do not involve overwork, excessive hours of labor, loss of sleep or worry of mind. Says Dr. Farr, the English Registrar-General: "Man is naturally an open-air animal, and the sky is his native covering. So, after taking everything into account, the hunter, the sportsman and the husbandman in a cultivated land are the healthiest of all workmen." Statistics in our own country show that here as in England the farmer is the longest-lived of any class in the community. Close to them come certain classes of professional men, notably clergymen, judges and justices, authors and literary men. In all these cases the mind is a most important factor. An active brain and a strong will enable a man to endure many ills and survive many illnesses which would otherwise prove fatal. A cultivated mind increases many fold a man's resources and gives to life a zest which is wanting in the ignorant and uncultured. A knowledge of the laws of health gives him power to prevent disease, conserve vitality and lengthen life.

Climate exercises a considerable influence in promoting or hindering longevity. The most favorable conditions are a rather dry air, not too warm, medium altitude and moderate range of temperature, while of all the elements entering into the composition of a climate none is more injurious to health than great variability. The robust may not suffer therefrom, but the weak are injured. One of the most healthful climates in the world is that of the Arabian deserts, with its dry and pure air. In some parts of California, in the plateaus of the Rocky Mountains and in the tablelands of Mexico, Peru and Equador, the climate is healthful and invigorating, and extremely favorable to long life. Yet even in the changeful climate of New England and the North Atlantic States the number of centenarians is large and constantly increasing. In Massachusetts alone, from 1880 to 1890, there were registered the deaths of 203 persons over one hundred years of age.

As men grow old they need to take especial care to protect themselves from atmospheric vicissitudes, and especially from extreme cold, for this is a mortal foe to old age. According to Dr. Farr, a sudden decline of temperature results in a mortality based upon a given rule in regard to age. In persons under thirty the effect of cold is not indicated by any increased mortality. Above that age it doubles for every nine years of life—that is, for every one person at the age of thirty whose death is caused by a certain low temperature there will be two at thirty-nine, four at forty-eight, eight at fifty-seven, sixteen at sixty-six, thirty-two at seventy-five, and so on.

So, too, the old man must clothe himself warmly, preferably in woolen garments; avoid all undue exposure and occupy a comfortable room. Especially must his sleeping-room be warm, well aired and dry. Many a time has the "spare room" proven fatal to men of advanced years, resulting in a cold, pneumonia and death. He must also avoid all extreme or sudden physical exertion, all intense and depressing mental emotions. Running to catch the cars, lifting heavy weights, making eloquent and impassioned after-dinner speeches or indulging in paroxysms of anger—all these are often but different forms of suicide for the weak and the aged.

For both young and old it is especially necessary that they should cultivate the act of sleeping well. Sleep oils the wheels of life and lessens the friction of labor. The want of it causes all the machinery of life to run with difficulty and wear out rapidly. Sleep recreates the nervous system, and sleeplessness will break down the strongest frame. It is said of Gladstone that, even now in his old age, "once in bed, he never allows his mind to be charged with business of any kind, in consequence of which he sleeps the sound and healthy sleep of a child, from the moment his head is on the pillow until he is called the next morning. This absolute power over his thoughts, won by long and strict habits of self-control, must be one of the principal causes of his freshness and youth. As an instance, he went home in the early morning after the defeat of his Home Rule bill of 1886 and slept as usual his eight hours."

Country life is much more favorable to longevity than that of the city. The death rate of large cities is often twice as great as that of sparsely settled country localities. So constant and well understood is this difference that Dr. Farr has formulated the rule that the death rate of districts increases according to the sixth root of their density of population. If to country life be added the conditions and surroundings of the farm, the result, so far as its effect upon longevity is concerned, approaches very nearly to the ideal. Especially is this true of the period of childhood, when the work of body-building is going on. Recent observations prove that only a very small proportion of persons who live to the age of eighty years were born or spent their childhood in cities. In one case, out of 1,000 octogenarians 467 had been farmers all their lives, and nearly all began life upon the farm.

Certain localities seem to be especially favorable to long life. The town of Hayden, Conn., with a population of 3,000, reports eighty persons past seventy years of age. Hingham, Mass., with 4,000 population, has eighty persons who are over eighty years of age. Unity, Me., with less than 1,000 population, reports by recent actual count, one hundred who have reached the age of seventy, eighteen who have seen fourscore years, and one past ninety.

To quote from Dr. Holmes once more:

"Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot."

The same thing is true with men and women. The part of wisdom consists in recognizing one's weaknesses and taking care that they be not taxed beyond their powers of endurance.

"'Fur,' said the Deacon, 'it's mighty plain
That the weakes' place must stand the strain.'"

We live at a lightning pace in our day, and the tension upon the nervous system is something entirely unknown to our forefathers. Hence the need of vacations, to give the tired nerves and brain a chance to recreate themselves. Hence, also, the benefits, especially for the brain workers, of some "hobby" which he can ride as he keeps about his accustomed work, thereby diverting his thoughts from their usual channel, and giving him added strength and zest for his every-day duties.

The final necessity for him who aspires to live a century is a cheerful disposition and the habit of looking on the bright side of life. It was the advice of a man of ninety not to worry. "Don't worry about what you can't help," he was accustomed to say, "for it will do no good. Don't worry about what you can help, but go to work and help it."

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CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Ida's Lesson.

Ida was a good little girl in most respects, but there never was such a child for losing things and putting things in wrong places.

Her mother and grandma and aunties had all tried to teach her to do differently, and grandma had, in red silk and gold beads, this motto to frame in white and hang upon Ida's bed-room wall: "A place for everything and everything in its place." Ida was very much pleased with it. She said she meant to read it every night and morning and never, never forget to put everything in its right place. So she did for a day or two, but in the course of a week she began to forget, and her fan was in her parasol case, and her gloves in her fan box, and her parasol in a corner and the little houses from her toy village in her work basket, and two of her spools of cotton on the floor under the bed, and her needle case in the box where the Busby cards should have been kept, and some of the Busby cards in the bag auntie had made for her soiled handkerchiefs. Her clean aprons were still in a pile on a chair instead of in her drawer. In a corner with the feather duster was Doll Lavinia, whose best dress was in the waste paper basket. All the pretty things that ought to have been on the toilet table were standing about anywhere. Then on the floor were scraps of paper that ought to have been in the waste basket, so that when mamma looked in she lifted up both hands in astonishment and said, "What a room! I really thought that with that motto looking down at you from the wall you would improve. Now I will tidy everything for you and you must try to keep it just as I arrange it. You are luckier than many people; you have a place for everything and all you need to do is to put your belongings there."

"I was so interested in that lovely book papa brought me that I could not think of anything until I had finished it," said Ida. "I do mean to be very careful after this, mamma."

"Very well," said mamma. "Good intentions are excellent things if we only carry them out. I will get everything in perfect order and then I shall not do anything for you for two weeks; and if everything is upset again I shall feel very sad, for my little girl is going to be a woman some day, and a woman who could not keep her house in order better than you do your room would be a very unfortunate creature indeed."

How pretty the room looked when it was all in order. Ida kissed and thanked her mother twenty times.

That afternoon Sarah Pearl called and how glad Ida was to be able to take her to her room and show her all her pretty things. "Never shall it be in disorder again," she said to herself. Sarah had come to invite Ida to an excursion to which Miss Parsons, her governess, was going to take them.

They were going to sail up the Hudson to Newburgh and visit the house where all the relics of General George Washington are on exhibition, and they would have a lovely lunch and such a pleasant sail home by moonlight.

Ida was delighted with the idea and mamma was quite willing to let her go with Miss Parsons, and it was arranged that the party was to call for Ida very early in the morning. Nothing was thought of from that time but the excursion to Newburgh. How Ida counted the days until that special morning came. Miss Parsons arrived with the little girls and boys about 8 o'clock. "We haven't much time," she said, to the servant. "Ask Mrs. Armor to be kind enough to tell Ida to be as quick as she can."

The message went up and in a moment down came Mrs. Armor in some agitation.

"My dear Miss Parsons," she said, "I am ashamed to tell you that my little girl has lost her hat, her shoes, her gloves and her cape. We have searched everywhere, but they are not to be found, and we have no other little people to borrow from."

"She must have been robbed," said Miss Parsons. "I am so sorry."

"So am I," said Mrs. Armor, "but I am sure she has only mislaid her things. It is her habit, I regret to say."

"Dear! dear! And if we are going we must start at once," said Miss Parsons.

"Do so, I beg," said Mrs. Armor. "Do not lose the boat for Ida's sake!"

Some of the children wept and up stairs Ida was crying her heart out. But hat, shoes, gloves and cape seemed to be surely gone.

"This time it cannot be my fault," sobbed Ida.

"Please, mum," said Bridget, coming up stairs at that moment, "just see what I was after putting in the trash barrel!" and she handed in Ida's waste paper basket with the gloves and shoes in it.

"Oh!" gasped Ida. "I must have thrown them there."

"Ida!" called papa, from the lower hall. "Here's a cape under my overcoat on the hall rack."

"Oh! I remember, I left it there last night," said Ida.

"And sure, there's Miss Ida's hat in the grape vine," said Bridget, leaning out of the window. "I'll get it down with a clothes pole. However did it come there?"

"I left it on the window sill and it blew out," said Ida.

So the things were all found, but too late for Ida's happiness, and the excursion was spoiled for the three other children, who wanted her with them so much.

Papa said he hoped this would teach his little girl the value of the motto, "A place for everything and everything in its place," and I really believe it has.

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What Shall He Do?—F. M. B. wants to know how to extricate himself from an entanglement into which he has drifted through force of circumstances. Some years ago he made the acquaintance of a very charming young woman and being somewhat interested showed her very marked attention, which seemed to be extremely acceptable to the lady in question. F. M. B. is unfortunate (?) in having extremely taking ways with him and for some unexplainable reason the young women seem to have an idea that he means much more than he says. This has led him into difficulties on diverse and sundry occasions. In the present instance the damsel in question not only takes it for granted that his pretty speeches, pressures of the hand and fond glances mean everything they appear to mean and a great deal more, but she intends to hold the young man to a strict accountability therefor. There are good and sufficient reasons, social and commercial, why this affair must be managed with the utmost skill and delicacy, but it must be emphatic and final, and what shall he do? Answer: F. M. B. has undertaken a rather large contract. He belongs to a comprehensive and flourishing class of men who amuse themselves and give exercise to their emotional natures by playing at love making in earnest, whenever the spirit moves them so to do. They didn't mean anything, of course they didn't. Can't a fellow make a pretty speech to a girl without being brought up with a round turn on account of it? What could he do? Recite platitudes, quote texts or say over the multiplication table to amuse her? There isn't anything in all the world that a girl likes as much as to be made love to, and there is nothing that the fellow likes as well as to make love to her. The great trouble is that the girl, nine times out of ten, is sincere and confiding and the fellow is neither of these. He is merely killing time, in an awfully pleasant way to be sure, but killing time, nevertheless. He forgets or ignores, or affects to do both, that he is killing something more than time. He is destroying the sweetest and most sacred sentiments of a young and impressionable soul. F. M. B. appears to feel more deeply on the subject of the speech of people and his own interest than upon the fact that he has deliberately won the affections of a trusting woman, merely because he could do so and did not exercise a sufficient self-control to check his innate desire for a flirtation. And now he wants to get out of the consequences of his folly without leaving the slightest suspicion of blame upon himself. She is a lovely girl and he likes her ever so well, but he does not want to marry her. In fact he knows of a much more advantageous alliance in a social and monetary sense, and with the persistent determination of a willful man he proposes to make it. The Ledger's advice is, go very, very slowly. It will not be easy to break up the old affair and take up a new one. Why not have a plain talk with the girl and ascertain her exact sentiments. If he had the courage to make love to her in what is nothing more or less than "time-killing," he surely should have the nerve to stand up and face the situation like a little man. If the girl finds out that she must not love him she can at least respect his courage.

A Writer of Poetry.—A. T. is fond of writing poetry and has offered a poem to The Ledger. He wishes to know something about the proper form in which to put his muse and asks what sort of paper should be used and how should the writing be arranged. He desires to know, in addition, what price is paid for short stories and if poetry has a market value, and if so, what is it worth. Answer: Great care should be taken in the style of composition to be presented for publication. The subject matter may be ever so good and the fashion of putting it together may be so faulty as to render it unacceptable to the editor. Simplicity of language combined with a certain dignity of expression is necessary in order to please the popular taste. One fact, however, must not be lost sight of—that good writers are born, not educated—and that the ability to attract and hold the attention of the reader is a natural gift and very rarely acquired even by the most assiduous study. As to the minor details of the writer's work, it may be said that any good paper may be used. Many veterans use a rather low grade of manilla paper, which is ruled and made into pads of regular size. It is a good idea always to use the same size and style of paper. One soon becomes able to judge of the number of words on a page and that in estimating for publication is of great value. No definite answer can be given as to the price of either poems or short stories. It is customary to send one's productions to the editor, who judges of their value and fixes the price. Exceptions to this rule are made by writers of extraordinary talents, who practically dictate their own terms. It is, of course, understood that all literary matter is written on but one side of the paper.

Lessons in Cooking.—C. F. W. asks if there is any place in New York City where afternoon lessons are given in cooking. Some place that is not expensive and where the instruction is thorough. Also a place where waltzing may be learned privately. Answer: Apply at the Young Women's Christian Association for the address of one of the very many skilled teachers of cooking, who will either receive you into their classes or will give private lessons. As to the waltzing lessons, all academies send out teachers for private lessons or pupils are received at the rooms and are given instruction in strictly private apartments. Many ladies prefer to have the teacher come to the house. This plan has its advantages, as one feels more freedom in home surroundings.

***Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

Mental Maladies. Within the memory of living men there were physicians who held the theory that mental disorders were, in the majority of cases, nothing more or less than viciousness, ugliness, or, to use their favorite expression, "pure devilishness." The logical sequence of this line of reasoning was that the infirmity was something to be eradicated by chastisement given in allopathic doses. More than one sufferer has been mercilessly whipped and many an other has been chained and starved with the view to exorcise the evil spirit that was popularly supposed to be the cause of all the trouble. The starvation part of the treatment might have given favorable results, as extreme reduction of the physical system often removes the clouds from the mental, but cruelty or brutality is the worst possible remedy for afflictions of this nature, simply aggravating and increasing them without the faintest hope of benefit. Disturbances of the psychic half of the human economy are even more numerous and important than those affecting the physical and material. One of the misfortunes of patients who suffer from mental disorders is the lack of appreciation of the grave nature of their disease. Even eminent medical men, especially those who are themselves in the enjoyment of robust health, find it difficult to appreciate the more delicate phases of nervous distress. Merely a nervous attack means a great deal more than the average person is capable of understanding. The horrors that cluster around even the milder forms of insanity are such that the merest shadow of mental disturbance demands the most thorough and intelligent treatment. Ministering to a mind diseased is a phase of the physician's work that is too little understood and receives much less attention than its importance warrants.

Dangers of Petroleum Hair Tonics. There are on record several cases of death from the use of refined petroleum or petroleum spirit on the hair. The jury in a recent accident of this nature returned the verdict that the deceased died from the effect of burning caused by the ignition of petroleum, but how this ignited there was no evidence to show. The "Lancet," in commenting on the incident, expresses the opinion that the petroleum spirit was fired by an electric spark generated by rubbing the hair with the hands. That such friction will generate such sparks is well understood, and it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that these sparks will ignite explosive gases. It was proven that there was no flame in the room when the accident occurred. It is, however, possible that a line might have been formed by the vapor of sufficient length to bring it in contact with some light from which the blaze traveled back. Persons who are engaged in the dry cleaning process of woolen goods are aware that conflagrations of this sort are not infrequent in the course of their work. The authorities in London have issued warnings against the general use of petroleum spirit for such purposes.

Sporadic Influenza. Scientists have indulged in considerable speculation as to the condition of the influenza microbe during those periods when the disease does not make itself manifest. One of the professors of the Vienna Pathological Institute has expressed the opinion, formed after extensive research, that these germs are capable of existence for a long time in a dormant condition. They may remain in the system for months without causing any illness or even unpleasant symptoms. Suddenly some favorable condition may arise resulting in violent outbreaks of the disease, either in the individual or what may practically amount to an epidemic. The bacillus of influenza varies in size and general appearance from the smallest coccus-like rod to that quite as large as the bacilli of diphtheria. Professor Lindenthal's opinion does not coincide with the opinion expressed by many of his contemporaries in the existence of the so-called pseudo-influenza bacillus.

A Dangerous Practice. Young persons, especially young women, who are particular about their personal appearance, are given to much worry over moles and similar facial blemishes, and often resort to severe applications in the hope of removing them. Their efforts are usually fruitless unless they employ a surgeon, who makes a clean and scientific excision. The danger of irritating these growths is not generally understood. Several cases are on record where accidental bruises have resulted in spreading the growth. In one instance the mole developed enormous spreading tendencies, covering the entire surface of the body, resulting finally in death. Physicians frequently warn their patients that such blemishes should not be interfered with, but rarely do they insist with sufficient earnestness. The fact is that a mole is a potential sarcoma, and if disturbed at all should be completely removed.

Vapors From Metals. That metals will throw off vapors is evident even to the housewife, who can smell the raging fire in her kitchen range, even though she may be up two flights of stairs. It is said that zinc will give off sufficient vapor even at a low temperature to produce chemical changes in photographic plates, and that this occurs in a vacuum as well as in the open air. Experimenters say that the lowest known temperature at which metal vaporizes is 184° Fahr.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. After a summer, almost unprecedented for light colors and white wear, a summer during which it would seem that most women have run a race with each other to see which could wear the thinnest and most flimsy materials and the most delicate tints, the autumn season opens with colors gorgeous almost beyond description. There is a large sprinkling of deep and rich colorings, among which brilliant scarlet, cardinal, yellow, orange and the brightest blues and greens show prominently. After we have wondered again and again whether we will have to wear heliotrope another year we find it in every tint and tone and so attractive that we take it up again not only without objection, but with positive pleasure. Underlying all these beautiful colors we find black as the universal alternative of the well-dressed woman. Black silk was never more in demand, and a great deal of black satin is called for. The variety in black silks is marvellous. Scores of qualities and designs are shown, and choosing is not an easy matter unless one is well grounded in the idea of just what she wants and precisely what she wants it for. A few brocades are worn, but these are less in request than plain-surface fabrics. Peau-de-soie and gros-grain are preferred to all other black silks. Fine armure and seeded silks are much liked and a great deal of glacé is called for. During the latter part of the summer the demand for crêpe-de-Chine increased rapidly and there is every indication that it will be one of the popular fabrics for indoor wear. It comes in black and all colors and is usually made up over silk of the same or a contrasting color. Poplins are to be worn and from all accounts will be in great favor before midwinter. Some of the new styles are in plaids and would, no doubt, be extremely popular, if the fabric had a better reputation. But the purposes for which they are most employed demand durability and weather-proofness, which these materials are not supposed to possess. All-wool plaids are much more serviceable and all-silk plaids, especially the tartans, will come out unscathed through an amount of hardship that would scarcely leave enough of a poplin to be recognizable. For strictly indoor wear poplins are very well, but the woman who cannot have a new dress every new moon will do well to content herself simply with admiring them. In black woolens Henrietta cloth is one of the standard textiles. Certain qualities of it are strictly reserved for mourning wear, but those grades with the satin finish and the soft lustre that makes them the most beautiful black goods ever turned out of a loom are worn by ladies not in mourning and by them looked upon as among their most reliable and pleasing costumes. Priestley silk warp Endora cloth is a superfine Henrietta, a material that represents the highest grade of excellence in dress materials. In fine and novelty cloths the variety is almost endless. Hundreds of weaves and combinations are shown, and every taste, condition and purse may be satisfied. There is nothing more comforting to the average woman than a tailor costume of broadcloth. Well-made and judiciously trimmed—and this last expression means a great deal—the woman who owns it may feel herself presentable anywhere she has occasion to go outside of the most dressy functions.

The tendency to combine materials appears to be increasing. Cloth and thick, soft silk are made up together; also two colors of cloth or two shades of the same color. The use of braid is almost universal; also narrow velvet used in braiding pattern or in row upon row. One of the newest models is a dress of cashmere elaborately trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. It is safe to say that there is not a square foot of the skirt without a line of this garniture. There is a square yoke of black velvet, a velvet collar and belt and a black satin tie. Bands of white linen at throat and wrists make a neat and becoming finish. A dress of colored Henrietta cloth has a trimming of narrow bias bands of the dress material placed on either side of bands of black lace insertion. The front of the waist is in almost solid tucks, very narrow and close together, and a yoke is simulated by bands of the bias goods and insertion. The collar and cuffs are made up of alternate rows of the trimming material.

A novel and pretty house dress is made of brocaded silk and plain, soft-twilled satin. The dress is of brocade and is cut in princesse fashion, with a full-length front of silk in narrow tucks from collar to hem. The tucks run from side to side and are so close together that they overlap. The sides of the skirt upon either edge, where the front and sides join, is trimmed

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

with picot-edged ribbon put on in braiding pattern. A double row of this ribbon extends around the skirt, and the yoke and waist are trimmed with diamond-shaped figures of the ribbon. There is a high, flaring collar with the same garniture, and the sleeves are finished with ribbon bands.

A very rich and effective costume is made of heliotrope silk and velvet. The waist is of velvet and is very elaborately trimmed with jewelled gimp and embroidery. The sleeves are of embroidery to the elbows, and the tops are of full puffs of crêpe-de-Chine, with embroidery bands between. There are epaulettes and a high, flaring collar. The skirt is of silk with a very wide band of velvet at the hem. At the extreme lower edge of this band is a rich garniture of the gimp, and the upper edge, which is in deep scallops, is similarly finished. The sleeves have deep frills of fine lace falling over the hands.

Fashion Notes. Separate waists of crêpe-de-Chine are extremely popular. They are made in all colors and black, and may be worn with skirts of any shade or tint. They are dressy in the extreme and are made more so by the most profuse and complicated trimmings. Beads, spangles and the most brilliant jewels are wrought into embroidered garnitures for dresses and waists. The more trimming the better seems to be the idea in this sort of ornamentation. While one might fancy that the effect would be somewhat startling, these materials are so judiciously employed that they have no unpleasant suggestion. Above all things in dress goods choose the quiet and sombre rather than the glaring and conspicuous. The very best element in the community will be found attired in the most modest and quiet styles.

A garment not unlike the old-time redingote is one of the leading models. These wraps are made in double-breasted fashion and are very full in the skirts. The general effect is that of a princesse dress. Corduroy is to be among the popular winter fabrics. Long wraps, redingotes and jackets are made of it. Waists and even entire suits are in demand, and capes of various sizes and shapes are of this really useful and stylish material.

A very stylish jacket is close-fitting and is almost covered with braiding. The sleeves are moderately full at the tops and braided from elbows to wrists. The collar is braided and faced with velvet. The entire front is finished with an elaborate braid garniture and extends around the sides to the under-arm seams, and continues up the sides to form a point at the middle of the back of the waist.

A stylish waist has the front entirely covered with insertion and plain strips of material alternating. This made-up front is quite full, and has a collar of the plain material with folds of silk mingled with the folds of the goods, the sleeves are quite full at the tops and fit the arms closely below the elbows. The belt is of folds of the goods and silk alternating.

Simplicity is going out of date. Fashion demands the utmost elaborateness, and the amount of material and trimming that may be put into an up-to-date dress is something surprising. Even inexpensive fabrics are so combined and trimmed that they are no longer simple but of the most extravagant description.

Plaids are fashionable. They are shown not only in the regulation class, but in French and fancy patterns. The "Royal Stuart," the Victoria and the Rob Roy are familiar to most persons, while the Gordon, Campbell and other darker and more sober plaids are specially liked for waists and cloak linings.

A neat and natty costume for a boy is what is called a Russian suit. There are high shoes, long stockings, full knee trousers and a belted sailor blouse. The collar is turned over and stitched with a round collar and braided front with vest. The sleeves are plaited in at the wrists.

School dresses for girls are made of all-wool plaids with velvet collar, cuffs and yoke. They are also trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon or braid in row upon row or in fanciful and elaborate patterns.

Blazer suits should be made of moderately heavy and rather firm goods. Fabrics that draw easily and are bound to get out of shape, should not be used for blazer suits.

There is nothing more useful, stylish and universally becoming than a skirt and blazer. It suits everybody, and is a general favorite.

Among the newest jackets are those with straight fronts slightly curved away from the waist line.

The skirts are moderately full, but with nothing like the ripple effect of last season.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. James McCreery & Co., B. Altman & Co. and John Wanamaker.

A Good Cake. One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound butter, one pound of currants, four eggs, one cup of milk or cream, one glass of brandy, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

False Economy

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Infant Health is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. —a.

Patterns.

We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

Each issue of The Ledger, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Enclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of The Ledger, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 7078, 7141 and 7155.

Ladies' Basque.

Promenade costume of Castor-colored wool, showing lines of a deeper tone. The full fronts are composed of soft silk and the free edges of the basque are trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The stylish hat has a soft puffed crown of velvet, with aigrettes rising at the left. The basque, which is a decided change from the round waists of last season, has the fanciful fronts arranged upon a fitted lining that closes in the center-front. The vest of silk is gathered at the neck and laid at the waist line in plaits; a tiny pointed girdle finishes the lower edge. The closing is effected through the center-front, but may be made

7155—Ladies' Basque.

on the left side, if preferred. The fronts that open widely over the vest are uniquely shaped. The back is fitted with the usual number of seams, and fullness forming flutes are cut in each seam as an extension below the waist line. The crush collar extends round the front of the throat and meets the standing portion which is seamed to the back, the closing being at the left side. The two-seamed sleeves are cut with slight fullness at the top. The model is entirely correct in fit and finish, and is adapted to all manner of fabrics, including zibeline, canvascloth, whipcord, broadcloth or camel's-hair.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7155, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure, and retails for 25 cents. Price to Ledger readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Bolero Cape.

The dressy little wrap here pictured promises to be a favorite of the coming season. It is eminently suitable for calling, for the promenade or for church wear. As represented, it is made of ladies' cloth in a shade of dove-gray. It is tastefully decorated with braided passementerie and lined throughout with two-toned taffeta silk. Accompanying the wrap is a stylish little toque from Virot composed of flowers and knife-plaited mousseline.

The cape proper is adjusted over fronts that reach the waist line and are fitted by means of single bust-darts. The full fronts are laid at the neck in deep, forward-turning plaits on each side of the closing, which is effected invisibly at the center-front. Below the bust the garment falls in graceful folds, the soft jabots terminating below the waist in deep points. The back is seamless and joins the fronts by shoulder and under-arm seams. Both the collarette and the tabs seen at the back are included in the neck seam. The sleeves, in bell shape, fit smoothly at the top, but flare below in soft, flute-like folds. They are decorated with passementerie, arranged at evenly spaced distances, and the free edges of the jabot fronts are also braid trimmed. The collar, in Medice style, fits closely at the neck, with a pronounced flare above. A deep ruche of plaited mousseline affords a becoming fullness, and a stylish bow at the back of the neck gives an effective finish. All manner of light-weight cloakings are suitable for making, with braid as the accepted trimming, or satin can be used, and elaborately trimmed with jet or silk passementerie if a more elaborate effect is desired. Velvet or satin ribbon, applied in straight bands or made up in plaited ruffles, make an exceedingly effective trimming.

To make this cape for a lady in the me-

7078—Ladies' Bolero Cape.

dium size will require two and three-eighths yards of fifty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7078, is cut in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure, and retails for 25 cents. Price to Ledger readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Bolero Waist.

Silver-gray cashmere and almond taffeta silk are the materials represented in this stylish basque; the loose portion of the bodice being made of the taffeta and trimmed with lines of bébé ribbon that hold to position the ruffles of cream-white lace. The foundation consists of a glove-fitted body lining that is adjusted by the usual number of seams and double bust-darts, and closes invisibly at the centre-front. The full-fronts are gathered at the neck and at the waist and may close invisibly at the centre-front, as illustrated, or on the left shoulder, arm's-eye and under-arm seam. A distinctive feature of this design is the dressy little bolero which is included in the shoulder and under-arm seams and has the free edges decorated with ribbon in two widths. Smooth under-arm gores separate

7141—Ladies' Bolero Waist.

the fronts from the back, which shows two plaits on each side of the centre-back extending from the shoulders to the waist where they are brought closely together.

The waist is encircled by a wide black satin girdle that is deepest at the centre-front, where three chic bows form the finish. The collar consists of a plain, close band overlaid with a stock of satin surmounted by a full ruche of lace. The mousquetaire sleeves are mounted upon two-seamed linings and are decorated at the wrists with a deep frill of lace and bands of bébé ribbon. The mode, which is admirably adapted to early fall wear, can be developed in all seasonable fabrics, and may be composed of two or even three materials as combinations are the order of the day.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require three yards of forty-four-inch material, or two and one-half yards with five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material for the full-front. The pattern, No. 7,141, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure, and retails for 25 cents. Price to Ledger readers, 10 cents.

Work for Stormy Days. When the long evenings come and the storms of autumn drive us within doors, it is well worth while to take much careful thought of just what we can do to the best advantage in order to utilize that most valuable of commodities, the time that is not needed for regular work. Getting things ready, getting started in a particular line, having one's attention called to a special class of work, feeling the need of something out of the common and planning for it, are the necessary preliminaries to the proper use of these precious hours.

It is almost always the case in families where work is conducted on any sort of system that all members of the family from mistress to maid have spare time at their disposal. Fancy work of all kinds is poplar as a pastime, but a great deal of the fancy work that people indulge in is impractical and one might almost say a waste of force. A little excellent work is worth a great deal more than a large amount of the flimsy, half-done stuff with which most houses are cumbered.

It pays for every girl and woman who has even a little leisure to take a few lessons in some simple embroidery or needle work. The results are so satisfactory and one works with so much more intelligence that it is a wonder that this has not become a general practice.

There is another occupation to which women are turning their attention, and this is the making of rugs. There is a machine that is sold at a very small price that makes real pretty-looking work, and the completed article would be well worth while if it were more durable. An ingenious woman has hit upon a plan that she declares ought to be patented, and it certainly is a very great advantage. She prepares a quantity of rubber gum, puts the rug on a stretcher and coats the back thickly with the preparation. When it is thoroughly dry it gets a second coat, and the result is a rug that is durable and worth spending time on, while the ordinary unbacked rug, made in this way, pulls out so badly that it is scarcely worth house room. One of these rugs was prepared by covering the back with strong cheese cloth before the gum was put on, then a second coating made everything more secure and this rug she uses for the floor of her carriage. The Battenburg lace that is at present a fad run its course years ago in England and the provinces. The trouble with this lace is that it gives very little to show for a very great deal of work. Most of the materials are too coarse to be worth while, except for window curtains, and for these a special braid and finish are prepared. If one chooses to do really worth-while work, why not get heavy net and make darned patterns and use the finished product for draperies. One really gets along very rapidly with it once it is started, and it certainly is very beautiful and effective. It is also durable, which is quite as much to the purpose. The lace may be put on a frame or a hoop and the threads are usually run back and forth in straight lines, then in intersecting lines. With a little instruction even a child can do extremely pretty work. It has been said, however, that no two people should work on the same piece, as they do not draw up their threads alike and the result is a piece looser in some places and tighter in others.

A set of laces made with white Brussels net, upon which is appliqued the purling edge that is ordinarily used upon machine-made laces, is something to be proud of. One lady has a dozen yards of flouncing and another dozen yards of narrow edging that represents an amount of labor much less than that bestowed upon the ordinary coarse Battenburg that really seems to have no excuse whatever for being except that it furnishes work for idle hands to do.

Never place any reliance on cheap silks. They are usually a delusion and a snare, and unless the shopper is thoroughly posted on silks are best let alone. Occasionally, however, one comes across a "mark-down" that is worth while and secures a really excellent fabric at a trifling cost.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble; pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had uterus troubles and leucorrhœa. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition."—Mrs. Maggie Potts, 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back, and could hardly stand upright. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before."—Mrs. E. F. Morton, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lillian Crippen, Box 77, St. Andrew's Bay, Fla., says:—"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhœa. I was growing very weak. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It relieved the pain quickly and cured the disease."

Another Ted.

BY EVELYN C. FARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

"'Tis the voice of an angel!" exclaimed Ted Seagrave, after listening in rapt silence to Tennyson's "Come, Into Tears" sung in such sweet tones, such passionate feeling, as to justify his exclamation.

Ted was my husband's cousin, and had come to spend a few weeks with us this summer. He proved a gay element in our usually quiet household; very good-natured and open-hearted, if a trifle hasty and thoughtless, and we both agreed that we should miss him very much when the term of his visit expired.

We were seated, Ted and I, upon a comfortable bench, outside the drawing-room window of my husband's old-fashioned country mansion, a place that had been in his family for nearly three hundred years. The said window was open, and through it floated out in full sweet strains this soul-moving air. Ted had not exaggerated the beauty of the voice.

"Who is the singer?" he inquired with deep interest, as once more Tennyson's beautiful words pealed forth upon the summer air, rising and filling with such exquisite feeling that I felt tears suffuse my own eyes.

"It is Olive Orbert," I replied; "a great friend of mine. You, Ted, who are here so seldom, have never met her; she has a voice in a thousand."

Olive was spending the afternoon with me, having only the day before returned from a visit to some distant friends.

"I have been suffering from a bad headache, and nothing soothes it like Olive's voice," I added, "so she proposed that I should sit here, and she would sing to me."

Again the words fell upon the air—

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love—
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
Oh, death in life, the days that are no more!"

The lovely voice trembled a little as it reached the last two lines, and the concluding words were full of a "divine despair."

I knew what an impression Olive's song had made upon Ted, by the earnest ring in his tones, as he remarked:

"Any one who can sing like that must be good and beautiful!"

I smiled. Ted was given to sentimentality, but I had small fears upon his account where Olive was concerned, for I thought I knew him well enough to feel assured she would not be at all the sort of woman likely to add another name to his lengthy list of love affairs.

"I have known many a plain woman with a good voice, and vice versa. Is it absolutely essential that beauty of voice and personal beauty should go together?" I remarked, with some secret amusement.

"Do you mean that Miss Orbert is plain?" said Ted. "But if not beautiful, to sing with such feeling she must possess a noble heart and a beautiful soul."

"Yes," I answered gravely, "there I grant you. Olive Orbert is one of the noblest women I ever met."

"I was sure of it!" he exclaimed. "That girl's voice—"

"I am not sure that you will think her quite a girl, Ted," I interrupted. I was then thirty-seven, he twenty-five—men and women do not always agree upon the question of youth at these different ages. "She cannot, surely, be so old as I am?" he said.

"Olive Orbert is twenty-seven, and she looks older. But hush! here she comes."

I wondered, as I introduced them, what impression she would make upon Ted, who had watched her approach with mingled interest and curiosity. I thought that he looked a little disappointed, and, although it would be hard to give a reason, I felt vexed that it should be so. A tall woman was Olive, possessing a slight, graceful figure, an erect carriage, inclined, as I sometimes told her, to a little haughtiness.

Her hair was golden, crowning a well-shaped head with innumerable waves; her eyes were large and dark, and this it was which partly redeemed her face from plainness, for they were extremely beautiful; otherwise her features were not perfect, and her complexion was very pale.

"I hope your headache is better, Emily," she said, taking the wicker chair which Ted placed for her, with a quiet "Thank you."

"Very much better. Your music has had its usual effect," I replied.

"We have more than enjoyed your song, Miss Orbert," remarked Ted. "I returned just in time to hear it. It is long since I had the pleasure of listening to a really good voice!"

He spoke so earnestly that she looked at him with a quiet smile, partly of pleasure, but more of amusement. "I am glad you liked it," she replied simply.

Presently my husband joined us, and we had spent a very pleasant evening. Ted were his liveliest air, and Olive smiled that quiet smile of hers oftener than I had seen her for a long while. But Ted's manner toward my friend was totally different from that he assumed in the presence of other girls. His usual witty remarks and quick repartee were addressed to Rupert or myself, when Olive spoke he turned to her with an attentive, almost deferential air, quite foreign to this gay, careless young man. I could not understand the change, unless it was that he did not feel sufficiently at ease with Olive to chat with her as he chatted with others.

What a contrast they made, these two! Ted's bright, youthful face, his ready smile and mischievous blue eyes. Olive's sweet expression, sad, dark eyes and dignified air.

"She looks upon him as an amusing boy!" I thought, when, a few days later, I watched them strolling across our lawn together. He was talking in his usual animated way, and she was listening, sometimes gravely, sometimes smiling. They had been much together since that first meeting.

"I cannot understand how it is he seems so fond of talking to a quiet woman such as Olive!" I mentally ejaculated. "Nor how, too, she takes such evident interest in listening to him!"

"What are you thinking of, Emily?" inquired my husband, who entered the room at this moment. His eyes followed the direction of my own.

"I'm afraid Ted is a sad flirt!" he cried.

"Not in connection with Olive, Rupert. Whatever Ted might do, Olive would never flirt."

"You don't surely think they are smitten with each other?" cried my husband, opening his eyes very wide.

"No," I replied," the idea is absurd: Olive is two years his senior. Besides, it is impossible she should ever forget Edward Maitland."

My husband interrupted me with a shrug of his shoulders. "She is just the calm, quiet check he requires through life," he said. "Nine times out of ten men fall in love with a woman exactly opposite to themselves, both in character and appearance."

"They are very good friends, these two, and I am very glad to see it," I replied; "but as to anything further—"

And I, so well acquainted with the story in Olive's past life, smiled with provoking superiority.

* * * * * *

"Emily," remarked Olive one afternoon, as she raised those sweet, grave eyes to my face, "I like Mr. Seagrave; he is so natural and unaffected, and there is so much in him. He reminds me of my Ted. And is it not strange that he should be called Ted also?"

CHAPTER II.

Olive and I had been school mates. I was the eldest and she the youngest of Miss Rignold's pupils, there being ten years between us. From the first I took a fancy to the little dark-eyed girl, and we had remained the firmest of friends. Now an orphan, Olive resided but a short distance from our house with her great-aunt, an invalid, to whom she devoted herself with the most unremitting care and attention.

Olive's nature was particularly unselfish and sympathetic. There had been a history, almost a tragedy, in her past and seemingly uneventful life. At nineteen she had been proud, high spirited, filled with a determination to charm and captivate all who crossed her path. One, however, Ted Maitland, had taken her own capricious fancy, although not even to herself, at first, would she confess that she loved him; much less, in answer to his earnest declaration of affection, would she admit the true state of her feelings to the man who would have died to save her a moment's unhappiness. She rejected him as she had rejected others, but only in the hope that he would pursue his suit. He never did so, and, when too late, she awoke, as from a dream, to find that she had made a life's mistake. From that day the girl's proud, overbearing spirit was subdued. With Ted Maitland's departure, the Olive of old passed away also; but those noble qualities, which a mask of pride and ambition had hitherto concealed, were brought to light, and so good had come out of her suffering. But she could not be otherwise than sad when she lived upon a memory fraught with bitterness and remorse. Even after seven years she was sometimes filled with a wild regret for the sound of a voice once so familiar to her ears, for the warm clasp of a hand she had missed so long—a voice and a clasp that she would never hear or feel again as long as life should last.

Often when we were together I would notice the far-away look steal into her dark eyes, the melancholy deepen upon her pale face, and I knew that, in imagination, she was standing beside the grave of him of whom the memory was at times almost more than she could bear. No wonder if her eyes grew dim, and her voice trembled as she sang that song and to her remembrance recalled the "days that are no more," days when she loved and was beloved.

"It seems so sad, Olive, that you should dedicate yourself to a memory," I one day ventured to remark. "That you should remain single when it is within your power to brighten—"

"Oh, hush!" she exclaimed, with an expression of absolute pain. "It is not within my power to brighten the life of any one save poor Aunt Alice. I have no heart to bestow; it was buried years ago in his grave. But I am content now, for I feel"—and her gaze wandered in the direction of the star-lit sky—"that we shall meet again."

After this I said no more upon the subject, maybe there was more in those lines of which she was so fond than I imagined—

"Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose."

CHAPTER III.

In spite of the incredulity with which I had received Rupert's remarks, I should have been blind had I not noticed how much brighter and happier Olive had appeared of late. Ted possessed, and did not fail to exercise, the power to divert and amuse her, as no other man had done. It was evident that she had no longer the leisure or the desire to dwell only upon the sad past. But if, indeed, Olive was unconsciously losing her heart to another Ted, would not an awakening as to the true state of her feelings be considered as infidelity to the dead, and so prove a rude shock to her? And with no happy result, for it was scarcely likely that a young man of Ted Seagrave's disposition would find in this woman of seven-and-twenty a congenial companion for life. Olive's aunt took a great fancy to him, and he was constantly at her house. The invalid seemed never so well or so cheerful as during his frequent visits, generally laden with a basket of my roses or a new book to beguile away the tedious hours of illness and pain. I wondered how it would all end.

Lost in a day dream composed of the above materials, I felt two soft hands upon my shoulders, and, looking up, met the gentle gaze of Olive's expressive dark eyes.

She looked almost pretty to-night, for a bright color shone in her cheek, while her smile was sweet and happy.

"How charming you look, Olive!" I exclaimed. "What a pity—" then paused upon second thoughts.

"Flatterer!" said Olive, laughing. "But what is a pity?"

For a moment I was silent. "Where is Ted?" I inquired at length.

"With Mr. Lawrence. We have been rowing upon the lake, and I have brought you the loveliest bunch of water lilies; you ought to value them, for we nearly capsized the whole concern to get them for you. Look at this lovely bud!"

Olive walked to the window and stood pensively silent for a few moments.

"Do you know," she remarked in a low voice, "this day is the anniversary of poor Ted's death?" She had turned her back toward me, and I could not see her face, but it was too evident that in thoughts of the dead she had forgotten the living.

I joined her at the window, and, slipping my arm through hers, glanced up in her grave face.

"How I wish you could forget the past, Olive!" I remarked, with a sigh. "It is wrong to dwell so much upon it."

"You would have me forget the best man that ever lived?" she replied, drawing away from me, while a troubled expression crept into her eyes. "It can never be."

"It can and ought to be," I returned, warmly. "You can never be really happy until you have cast into oblivion all that happened seven years ago. I would say, 'Remember him, not as one whom you willfully wronged, but as one who is far happier now than you could ever have made him!'"

"A lifetime of remorse would not atone!" she murmured, and in the gathering dusk I thought I saw a tear steal down her pale face. Poor Ted Seagrave! If, indeed, he loved her, there existed but small hope of his gaining her affection; yet I still consoled myself with the idea of its being but a passing fancy upon his part.

* * * * * *

Ted's visit, which had lengthened into five weeks' duration, now drew toward a close—only three days more and he would be gone. Olive's aunt had suddenly been taken worse, and I saw nothing of my friend for a week. Ted called every day to inquire for the invalid, and generally received an account of her progress from Olive's own lips. Ted had grown thoughtful of late; I even found him absent-minded and preoccupied upon more than one occasion. He was, however, very far from unhappy; of this I felt certain.

"With Ted's income and Ted's good nature, your friend Olive would be a lucky woman, my dear!" remarked Rupert; "but as to Ted, I cannot see where his good fortune would be. A penniless girl with a gloomy face and a heart buried in the grave of another man!"

Rupert shrugged his shoulders and I made some indignant rejoinder in Olive's defense. Rupert never shared my enthusiasm for Miss Orbert.

Two days before Ted's departure Olive came to spend an hour with me. Her aunt was better and gladly spared her, for she needed a little fresh air. It was a beautiful evening, we strolled about the garden, where, of course, Ted joined us. Olive took off her hat and swung it gently to and fro. She was paler than usual; to my fancy, her eyes looked larger and darker; she scarcely spoke, and Ted, the voluble, was equally silent.

"You and Emily must come for a row, Miss Orbert," he said at length, turning to her. "Do you see those purple shadows cast by the trees upon the water? How weird and beautiful everything looks by moonlight!"

Wishing to draw Olive out for a row, Master Ted tried a subject which at any other time would most probably have made her eloquent. But to-night she only shook her head, remarking that she must return to her aunt. A dreamy expression crept into her eyes, as they wandered over the smooth surface of the dark waters, and I wondered whether she was thinking of the other Ted in his African grave, upon which the same moon, now beaming down upon her, also shed its silvery rays. I thought, too, how sweet was her expression, how really beautiful she looked to-night.

Perhaps Ted thought likewise, for his glance when he looked at her was full of unmistakable love and admiration.

"Let us go in," I said, somewhat wearily; and we turned back toward the house. I noticed that when Ted spoke she dared not trust herself to look at him; she answered, but her eyes refused to return his gaze. How seldom these little matters connected with the heart escape a woman's observation!

I insisted that Olive should borrow one of my shawls, for the air was chilly, and she already suffered from a slight cold. She ran lightly upstairs to fetch it. Ted and I were standing in the hall; his eyes followed her receding figure until it disappeared from view; then he turned and looked at me with a smile, and his voice shook a little as he said:

"My wife, Emily, if she will consent to become such."

"Oh, Ted!" I exclaimed, with real feeling, "are you very sure it is for your happiness and for hers? Is it possible that you are suited to each other—that you—"

"Hush," he said, "she is returning! I love her with my whole heart and soul. From the first moment I beheld her I loved her. Olive Orbert is my 'fate!'"

CHAPTER IV.

Hours passed and Ted did not return. Determined to wait no longer, and wondering what could possibly detain him so long, I was just about to leave the drawing-room, when I heard the front door gently open and he came in. To my surprise, my gentleman walked straight upstairs, never even pausing to say good-night.

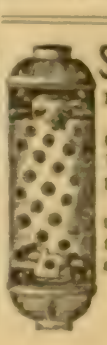
"Olive has refused him," I mentally concluded. Ted proved very gloomy next morning; he scarcely ate anything, and talked less, looking, in fact, a very disconsolate lover. A little later he made known his determination to leave us that day instead of the next, as had been arranged. Rupert would have pressed him to alter this sudden resolve or give some reasonable explanation, but, meeting a significant glance from me, he said no more upon the subject. Presently Rupert left the room and Ted, walking over to the window, thrust his hands into his pockets, staring out, an object of gloom and despair. "Well, it's all up for me, Cousin Emily," he remarked, with an effort.

"I feared it would end so," I replied, more sorry for him than I cared to express. "Olive will never marry. Did she tell you about—the other Ted?"

"Yes; she told me everything; but I could not see why she should live a single life because that other fellow died. What she said of him was pretty strong. To judge by her remarks, he must have been a sort of angel!"

"He was no better than his fellows—good-hearted enough, certainly; but so are you, and quite as worthy her love. She was very wayward in those days, and sometimes, I thought, scarcely knew her own mind, but I believe she really loved this man. His death was a terrible shock to her, for undoubtedly she had not treated him well. She led him on until he believed she would accept him. Eventually she meant to do so, but when he asked her why she refused him she gave as a reason some foolish and unfounded report which, through a rival, had become circulated against his character. They parted with bitter words; he sailed with his regiment for Africa, and she saw him no more. Some months later he died of a prevalent fever. She now lives upon a memory, to which she has resolved upon remaining true until death.'"

"She has determined to make two fellows miserable instead of one!" remarked Ted, bitterly. "What could it matter to that poor chap in his foreign grave whether she became my wife or not? I shall never love another woman as I love Olive, Cousin Emily! The first sound of her voice, the first sight of her face, seemed to open a new prospect in my life. I could not even talk to her as I do to other girls; I could not feel that the same little speeches I made to them would do for her! She seems a being higher, nobler than any other I have ever met. I knew from the very first moment



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I ever saw her that she was the one woman in the world for me!"

"And I fancied that she cared for you a little," I replied. "She has seemed so happy lately."

"Oh, she told me that she liked me very much, and wished always to remain my friend," remarked Ted, with renewed bitterness. "But begged I would never again mention the possibility of any other relationship between us. It is a very bitter disappointment to me, and it will wreck my life!"

So Ted left us, and we saw no more of our favorite for some time. Olive's aunt became rapidly worse, and my friend's visits grew few and far between until the poor old lady died. Miss Orbert had been Olive's nearest surviving relative. Poor Olive! She looked thinner, paler, older. Was it only the nursing, the anxiety, the grief of her aunt's illness and death which wrought this change in her? Or did she regret—but no, that was surely impossible!

CHAPTER V.

The small but pretty villa in which old Miss Orbert had passed the last few years of her life, together with the limited income upon which she had lived, were bequeathed to her niece Olive, and here my friend intended to remain.

"I shall collect a regiment of cats and dogs, to say nothing of a parrot and canary bird, upon whom to lavish my attentions!" remarked Olive, with a faint smile, one day when I was spending the afternoon with her. "You must pass an hour or so with the old maid as often as you can, Emily, or she may become melancholy and misanthropic. I am quite alone in the world."

The words, so gently spoken, and the tone so full of quiet resignation, touched me deeply. I approached and took her hand.

"Oh, Olive! would that you could return poor Ted's attachment! Now that you are alone in the world, will you still allow sad thoughts and vain regrets to stand between yourself and a true-hearted, honest affection?" I paused, struck by the expression of anguish which passed over her pale features.

"Emily, you call yourself my friend and seek to tempt me thus! Have I not prayed that you would never mention the past to me again? For, oh, I am most miserable!"

She fell upon her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the sofa, while I, pained and astonished, sought to soothe the storm of agony which shook her slender frame. What had I done, what had I said, to cause this burst of grief? I begged her forgiveness, and promised never again to refer to the subject. At length she rose, and, seating herself beside me on the sofa, remarked that she had nothing to forgive, still averted her eye, and, resting her cheek upon the sofa, asked my pardon for giving way so foolishly. "But there are moments, Emily, when, like Mariana, 'I am aweary, weary. I would that I were dead!' Yet I know it is wrong, and I put it from me as much as possible."

She seemed so faint and overcome that I ran up to her dressing-room for a bottle of smelling salts I knew she always kept there. Something seemed to tell me that Olive loved Edward Seagrave, and was deliberately consigning herself to misery from an over-scrupulous conscience.

Upon turning to leave the room, my sleeve caught the corner of a small desk which stood upon a table close by, and, before I could prevent it, the desk fell to the ground. Out rolled most of the articles it contained, and I stooped to pick them up, when—what was this?

Ah, Olive, my friend, your secret was one no longer to me! A small packet fell open in my hand, containing the one little note which, upon some pretext or other, our cousin had written her, in the early days of their acquaintance—the faded bud of a water lily he had plucked for her when they rowed together upon the smooth waters of the lake. The stem of the flower was tied with a knot of blue ribbon as carefully as any school girl would preserve her first love token. So romance was not dead in Olive Orbert's heart, and she knew it!

Replacing the precious packet within the box, I returned to the drawing-room. Olive had now quite regained her composure, but she little guessed that the secret she believed so safe in her own keeping had now passed into mine.

* * * * * *

It so happened, about this time, that Olive received a long letter from an old friend, whom, for some years, she had lost sight of. This lady, now a widow, hinted that, as it seemed they were both almost alone in the world, it would be a pleasant arrangement if they were to join incomes and live together.

"She was a pretty, amiable girl fifteen years ago," remarked Olive, when she had shown me the letter, and she seemed pleased with the idea. Mrs. Challinor arrived, and proved all that she had been in girlhood. She was exactly the kind of companion Olive required; good-hearted, if a little frivolous, and always cheerful. Yet she had known much sorrow and anxiety, for, young as she was, she had been already twice a widow. She had nursed her first husband through a painful illness; he died, and one short year following her second marriage, Hugh Challinor was thrown from his horse while out hunting and was killed on the spot.

Olive felt her own melancholy rebuked by this bright example, and, making an effort to rouse herself, regained much of her old cheerfulness.

"I waited five years before I married again," remarked Mrs. Challinor, in speaking of her past life to us.

Something in the expression of Olive's dark eyes seemed to say, "How could you, even after five years, forget your first love?"

"I was happier in my second marriage," continued Mrs. Challinor. "Mr. Challinor suited me better. He had the kindest heart, and was full of life and merriment. Oh, I lost much when I lost him!" said his little widow, as for a moment her bright eyes became moist; the next she smiled again as she went on with her reminiscences.

"My first husband," she continued, "was a remarkably handsome man, but I think I married him more from pity than any other sentiment, although, afterward, I learned to care for him as he deserved. We met out in Africa, where I had gone with my brother. Edward fell in love with me at first sight, although before leaving England I believe he had had some unfortunate love affair with a girl who behaved badly to him. He died of fever, and in nursing him I narrowly escaped death myself. When my brother returned to England I accompanied him, leaving poor Edward in his foreign grave."

Olive's dark eyes are bent with a sort of wondering interest upon the almost childish face of the young widow. Rose Challinor, with all her flitting smiles and tears, could not lay claim to the wealth of deep, true, noble feeling possessed, all unconsciously, by my friend. But perhaps it is as well that women are not all alike.

"How strange it is," remarked Olive, "that until you told me yesterday I had no idea you were ever married before!"

"Not so very strange," returned Mrs. Challinor, "for I don't often talk of the past, and during the whole of my stay in Africa and until I was Mrs. Challinor, we did not correspond."

"You have never told us your first husband's name, Rose!" said Olive, presently.

"Edward Maitland; or, as his brother officers used to call him, Ted Maitland," she replied.

CHAPTER VI.

Ted Maitland! the words rang in my ears. I can almost hear the widow's unconscious tones, now, as I write. And Olive sat with her eyes fixed upon Rose Challinor's face, her lips parted, her face pale as death. Mrs. Challinor stooped, and, taking up the poker, smoothed a refractory lump of coal into submission. Then she turned to me.

"He was the youngest son of old Sir Richard Maitland," she continued, innocent of the emotion her simple words had aroused. Her last remark confirmed my more than suspicion.

"We knew something of the family before Captain Maitland left England," I remarked.

"Indeed? but it is likely; they had many friends, and were influential people. Did you know the girl who jilted Edward? I should much like to see her. Idle curiosity, perhaps, but pardonable under the circumstances. Sir Richard was a stern father."

So rattled on the woman who had supplanted, if indeed she ever did so, Olive Orbert in Ted Maitland's heart, and amid her unceasing prattle, Olive made her escape unobserved. Strange that they should thus come into contact, the girl he had loved and parted with in anger, and the girl he had married hoping she would heal the wound in his heart.

When next alone with my friend, I found she was not quite the same. There was a flash in her eye suggestive of bitterness and defiance; but it vanished when I spoke to her, and, leaning her head upon my shoulder, she said she was glad he had been happy; yet there was something like humiliation in her look and voice.

A shock undoubtedly it was to her, but not so painful as it might have been, had she loved him as she did before meeting Edward Seagrave. As it was, she had learned to love the latter with all the strength of her noble heart, even against her will. For nine years, as it proved, she had been living up to a delusion, had been constant to the memory of one who had gone out to Africa only to forget her, and to find consolation in another's love. Another woman had received his caresses, had borne his name, had made his brief life happy, had soothed his dying moments. Yes, it was humiliating, but it also brought its consolation. Poor Edward Maitland had not died of a broken heart; Olive had not been the ruin of his life. Was she not now free to accept the love of another?

A change in Olive was perceptible from that day. The old smile returned to her lip, the light to her beautiful eyes. Hope, which had been dead in her, now revived. I felt that the future might be left to itself.

* * * * * *

A year passed on. Olive and I were alone in my pretty drawing-room. She was spending the evening with me, for Rupert had gone up to town on business, and I never cared to be quite alone at night, although expecting his return every moment. It was a cold evening in November, but the fire, piled high, sent forth a glow of comfortable heat.

I thought, as I viewed Olive in her gown of some rich crimson material, with her mass of dark hair and large liquid eyes, how handsome my friend had grown of late. Olive was again living alone. Mrs. Challinor had taken captive a Scotch baronet, who spent all his time in the Highlands, excepting three months of the season in town, when their house was the gayest of the gay, and pretty Lady Mackenzie's box at the opera was always crowded with the cream of society between the acts.

My husband's step in the hall disturbed my reverie, and Olive looked up with a smile as I hastened to meet him with as much pleasure as I used to meet him in the first days of our marriage.

Upon reaching the hall I found to my surprise that Rupert had a companion.

"Cousin Emily, how are you?" A hearty kiss accompanied the words. It was Ted—our dear Ted himself! But the boyish look had left his face; he was altered; graver and more earnest was his fair face, but kindly and pleasant as ever.

A few minutes later I reëntered the drawing-room. Olive had risen, and was standing, her hand resting, as if for support, upon the mantel shelf.

"Olive," I said, quietly, "Rupert met his cousin in town, and Edward has returned here with him."

I could get no farther, for I was quietly put aside by Ted himself, who entered without ceremony. Well pleased was I to leave them alone together, closing the door behind me, but not before I overheard his delighted exclamation:

"Olive, my darling, have I returned in vain?"

Wise Rupert! I sometimes think, had it not been for you, Olive would never have become Ted's wife; for my husband, meeting Ted, who inquired for Olive, had told him all.

Some years have elapsed since Olive became Mrs. Seagrave, and Ted has amply proved the sincerity of his love.

THE END.

The Comradeship of Husbands with Their Wives.

This phase of married life, according to a writer on the New York "Evening Post," is rarely regarded with a just estimation of its importance. One looks with deep regret at the lives which are thus robbed of great delight, and prophesies very prosaic, if not more unhappy, endings of the long partnership, when the first flush of young love's enthusiasm is superseded by a mere division of the necessary household cares and family responsibilities.

As the husband goes "forth to his labor" too commonly the last words are: "Remember to get this or attend to that," and, already full of anxious thought of his day's work, his parting ideas of wife and home are solely of added care. When he returns, too often the mutual part of their conversation turns only on the vexatious or trivial details of the family routine and there ends. He has left a business partner behind him; he finds another awaiting him. Naturally his mind will seek diversion elsewhere, or look for rest in the silent companionship of his cigar in a solitary corner.

A husband's "fads" are often most perplexing trials to a wife. What can he find to interest him in these incomprehensible things is a frequent query. Really these interests are of inestimable value to him. It is a great blessing to any tired man to have a "hobby," and his wife should be earnestly glad of the recreation it gives his mind or the strength it imparts to his body. True, it takes great sympathy with her husband (the true application of the radical meaning of this rare quality) for her to find her interest and joy in his, when, perhaps, he spends all his leisure time for a week in preparing, as Ruskin says, to "go out and kill something." But if all these examinations of guns and cartridges, these sudden demands for mislaid hunting caps and hidden boots, lend zest to all these hours; if his eye kindles and his step grows active, it is well for her to stop wondering why it pleases him, and give her best energies to being very glad of this diversion to his thoughts, and share his searches and forget her annoyance at the widespread confusion he creates in the realization of the healthful result.

Sometimes the "hobby" rides in quite another path; he is a fancier of costly bindings and rare editions, while the drawing-room needs a new rug and the house wants paint. Nothing is insignificant if it diverts him from the state of the market, the points of his difficult brief, or the destructive routine of whatever his profession or business may be. Learn the value of the seemingly useless things that are dear to him, make yourself like them and share his pleasure, or if that is impossible, take your part in it by entering into his gratification as good for him and therefore surely good for you.

A death blow to married good fellowship comes surely to the wife who persistently antagonizes her husband's natural tastes and inclinations and urges him to take his pleasures in her way. To argue and insist and perseveringly to ask for reasons, simply puts her outside of his happiest hours and shuts the gate against her of the place where he acts spontaneously and freely as he likes. No measure can take the dimensions of the loss she has so incurred.

Every common interest the wife can grasp, outside of those to which family care is a part, is a buttress against a weakening of that too often transient intercourse which in honeymoon days makes the husband delight himself in being always in his wife's society. It is better worth while to cultivate a knowledge of anything and everything that interests him than it was in the beginning to wear his favorite dress and sing his pet songs. You may cling to him with every fibre of a devoted heart, and seek only his good in all you do; and yet, if you cannot see with his eyes and hear with his ears, but foolishly try to make him happy by perpetually endeavoring to draw him from his favorite pursuits and accept your ideas of rest and enjoyment, your labor is in vain, and your husband will never say of you: "Thou art my rest."

Oh, that it were possible to exterminate nagging from domestic life! So often with the most loving intentions a wife alienates and irritates, even bitterly wounds, the husband she half worships by persistent remonstrances or entreaty, or by starting every day a fresh argument on the same theme. Half the time it is wholly concerning what is supposed to be either for his good or his children's; but the wife cannot give up her point. All the symbolic facts in nature, the drop of water that wears away the stone, the mouse that gnaws the rope, the crevice that becomes the chasm, are weak illustrations of the fatal result of these arguments upon married comradeship and good fellowship. "As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." Wise indeed was the old philosopher who found this quaint similitude; one sees the crumbling sand slide and fall back, and ever draw the woman of many arguments away from her goal.

There is also a deep place of unity in the wifely understanding of the immense importance and honorable responsibilities of her husband's business. It seems so hard to see strength give way, youth fade and illness threaten under the bondage of a tyrannous profession or an absorbing business. To so order your living that you are sure that he is not dying that you may live luxuriously is the only help you can give. To inveigh against his absorption, to entreat him to let go what he has promised to perform, to fret and worry him through his few hours at home, can do no good, and sets you in the midst of the turmoil already in possession of his tired mind. This sort of thing makes men treat their wives as if they were unreasonable children, and lowers the equality of the matrimonial partnership.

When you are watching with an aching heart the multiplying gray hairs and lines of care; when you see with grief the power of enjoyment growing weak, keep your trouble in the deep of your heart; let your demands be few, and let his home be his peace. Fight out the battles of your own realm without disturbing him with the details; struggle through your vexations in silence, but give to him a serene atmosphere, a welcoming smile, a cheerful response, a patient endurance, until, when the strain is over, you can perhaps find the right time to tenderly point out the dangers of the way. Doubtless an aching head, a confused memory, and a dull perception have told it all to him most vividly already. From you he wants comfort and rest, diversion from himself, the tonic of new thoughts and pleasant change.

The glow and fervor of a husband's all-else-forgetting devotion in early married life cannot remain; the man must labor, and added responsibility takes stern thought; but the tenderness which grows deeper, the dependence which increases as the years roll on, are better things, reserved for those wives only who have stood shoulder to shoulder all the way, not dragging him back or pulling this way and that, but bravely planting their feet in the path he has chosen, and in hard places whispering, "Forget me; I will follow."

It is to women like these that the sunset aftermath comes; to wives like these that old men turn as the path inclines downward, with a beautiful dependence. It is to couples so united that God gives those calm years which are as "clear shining after rain." At the doors of many a cottage, at the firesides of many wealthy homes, sit old couples, hand in hand, comrades to the last. The gentle "don't you remember" brings back memories dear to both, which no one else can share; and at this last there are no longer separate tastes and desires to which they must mutually concede, but they talk softly of the swift coming time, when

"We'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

C.

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Miss Nancy's Eavesdropping.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"WHO was that young man with you?"

Miss Nancy Armstrong asked the question of her niece, Margery. Her tone was sharp and her eyes had an angry snap in them.

"It was John Markham," answered Margery, quietly enough, as she took off her bonnet, but the tone in which the question had been asked brought an extra color to her cheek and a sparkle of resentment to her eyes.

"I thought so," responded Miss Nancy, in her most irritating way. "Margery Armstrong, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

"What for?" asked Margery. "I'm not aware that I've done anything to be ashamed of."

"Oh, you needn't try to plead innocence," retorted Miss Nancy. "You ought to be ashamed of going with that Markham fellow, and you know it."

"I don't know any such thing," answered Margery, facing her aunt bravely. "John Markham is a respectable young man. You don't like him because there used to be trouble between the Markhams and the Armstrongs. That happened before either of us were born, and there's no reason why we should keep up the quarrel. If we see fit to like each other I don't know who's going to prevent our doing so."

"I am," answered Miss Nancy, grimly. "You needn't think—and John Markham needn't think—that a cent of my property 'll go into the hands of any one of that family."

"Oh, you can do just as you see fit to about your property, of course," said Margery. "I haven't anything to say about that, but if you think anything you can do about it will prevent John and I from liking each other, you're quite mistaken. He don't want your property, but"—with the prettiest little blush imaginable and a softening of the voice at the import of the words, "he does want me."

"Margery Armstrong, I'd like to know how far this matter has gone," cried Miss Nancy, in wrathful surprise. "To judge by the way you talk one would suppose it is all settled between you."

"It is," answered Margery, with eyes that never flinched before the angry ones of her aunt. "I promised John to-night, coming home from church, that I'd marry him as soon as he has a home for me."

Miss Nancy fairly gasped for breath.

"You're a fool," she said, as soon as she could command her voice, "to take up with that fellow when you might marry the Squire's nephew!"

"I wouldn't marry the Squire's nephew if he was the last man on earth," said Margery. "Look at him alongside John Markham and I know that down in your heart you can't help owning that he's an insignificant apology for a man. All you can see to admire in him is his money, I'm sure, and if he had a thousand times more than he has I'd have just as much contempt for him as I have now."

"You may see the day when you'll wish you had some of his money," said Miss Nancy. "Wait till you're John Markham's wife and poor as poverty and things 'll look different to you. Of course he thinks and you think that I'll change my mind when I find out that I can't prevent your marrying him. But you were never more mistaken in your life. Marry that fellow and I'll see that not a penny of mine goes to you."

"Please yourself about that," answered Margery. "We don't want your money. We're both strong and willing to work and we'll get along. Don't worry about that."

"That sounds well, but you'll sing a different tune by and by," said Miss Nancy "Just remember what I tell you."

"All right, I will," replied Margery, and then she went up to her room, not to think about what her aunt had said, but about the things she had talked of with her lover, as they walked home from church together.

Miss Nancy sat in the kitchen and nursed her wrath.

"Just to think that she defies me!" she said to herself. "If she'd marry Squire Brand's nephew she'd be the wealthiest woman in town, for she'd get all I have and her husband 'll get all the Squire has. It's a shame—a downright shame!—that she can't be made to behave sensibly. But then, she's an Armstrong and they were always terribly set in their way. She takes it from our side of the family. But that doesn't make it any easier to bear with her foolishness. I'd got my heart set on her marrying the Squire's nephew and I hate to give it up. But I suppose I'll have to, for I know she won't listen to reason. But maybe, when she tells that young Markham what I said about the property he'll think twice before he decides to marry a girl without anything." But Miss Nancy didn't get much comfort from that, for down deep in her heart she didn't believe that John Markham was that kind of a man. She had often said to herself that "if he wasn't a Markham he'd be a pretty nice sort of a fellow."

It seemed to have been tacitly agreed on between Margery and her aunt that nothing further was to be said between them about the matter on which they had such a wide difference of opinion. So neither John Markham or the Squire's nephew was mentioned by either of them after that evening.

One day Miss Nancy decided to go to the city to do some shopping. She was always afraid of being too late for the train and generally arrived at the station at least half an hour before it was due. She did so on this occasion, and as the day was a very warm one she sat down on the platform in the shade of some large boxes of freight that had been unloaded there, thinking it more comfortable there than in the stuffy little waiting-room.

Pretty soon she heard steps on the platform and presently voices from the other side of the pile of boxes reached her ears.

"How is your matrimonial project getting along?" was asked by one of the unseen parties. And a voice which Miss Nancy recognized as belonging to the Squire's nephew answered:

"It seems to hang fire, just at present. The fact is the girl's got another string to her bow and the chances would be against me if it wasn't for the fact that her aunt favors my suit, because she thinks I'm going to get Uncle Amos' money, and she'd like to unite the two properties. So I'm rather sweeter on the aunt just at present than I am on the girl. If I get the girl at all it must be through the old lady's influence, you see. The girl's a little daisy, but e aunt's a —well, she isn't a daisy, you can be sure of that! It's a question if having her in the family wouldn't be paying a dear price for all her property, but you see there's a chance of being able to shake her off after a little. I happen to know that a new railroad's going through this place and the company will have to buy a piece of land she owns, and this land she intends to give to the girl as a wedding present. Now, just as soon as the road is put through—and it's sure to come—this land will be worth more than all the rest of the old lady's property. If the girl gets a deed of it and I get the girl I can sell it to the railroad company and make a good big sum of money out of it and we'll be independent of the aunt; and when that happens, if it ever does, I'll tell her to look out for her affairs and I'll look out for mine. I'm looking out now that she don't find out about the new railroad scheme. I want to make sure of the girl and the land before I break the news to her."

Miss Nancy listened with ears and eyes very wide open.

"Yes, when it happens, if it ever does," she chuckled. "I don't believe you'll ever get the chance you're looking for, my smart young man! I don't suppose I am a daisy—I never thought I was!—but I rather guess I'm a match for you, since I know what I do. I don't believe you'll have to shake me off. I think I'll do a little—or most—of the shaking."

Just then the train came along and Miss Nancy got aboard it without being seen by the young men.

That evening, when she came home, as luck would have it, she met the Squire's nephew at the station.

"If you're going home you might walk along with me and help carry some of my bundles," she said, in her very pleasant manner. "I'm just about tired out. I've been seeing to a good deal of business to-day. I've had a deed made out, giving Margery the south forty acres of the farm, and I've been pricing carpets and furniture and finding out how much it's going to cost to set up a young couple in housekeeping. Of course they won't need the things right away, but I thought I'd get some idea of what the expense would be."

"They—who do you mean?" asked the young man, in bewilderment.

"Why, Margery and Mr. Markham, of course," answered Miss Nancy. "Who else should I mean?"

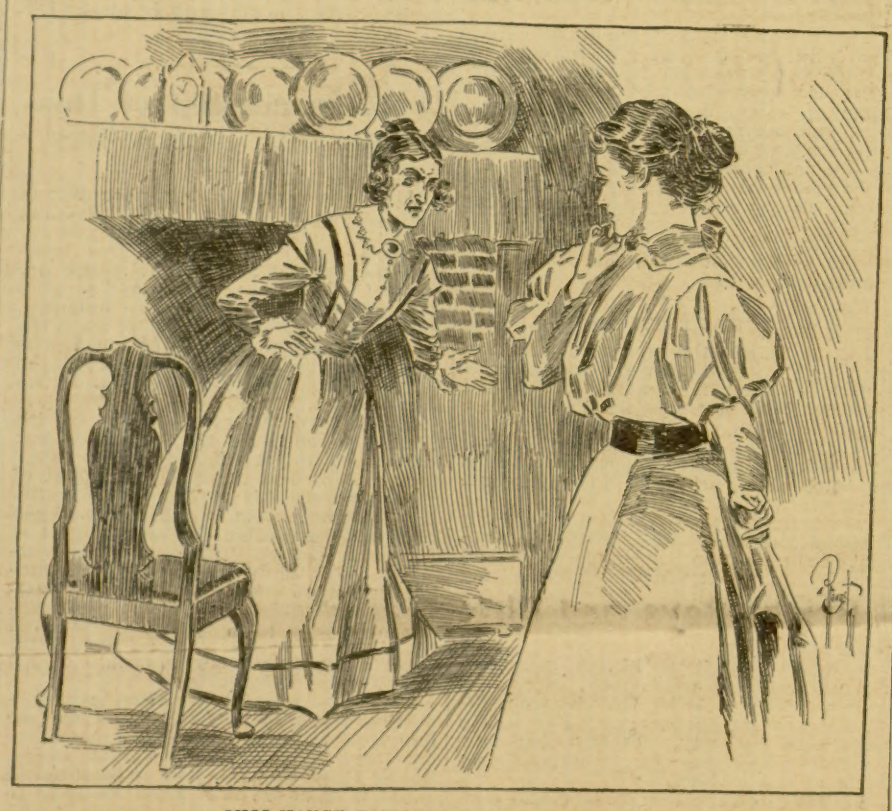
"You don't mean to say you're going to let your niece marry that fellow!" cried the Squire's nephew, in surprise and consternation.

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Nancy, as if she had never had any other idea. "He's a nice young man. He's got brains, and when he gets Margery he'll get money, for the new railroad's going to make the land I've deeded her worth a snug little fortune."

"I'd like to know how you knew about the new railroad?" cried the astonished young man.

"Oh, I keep posted on such matters," said Miss Nancy, looking very wise. "But here we are at my gate. Thank you for bringing my bundles. Won't you come in?"

"No, not to-night," was the gruff reply, and Miss Nancy chuckled as the young man went his way.



MISS NANCY FAIRLY GASPED FOR BREATH.

"I guess I've got about even with you," she said, nodding her head after his retreating figure. "I guess he was about as much surprised as Margery 'll be."

Her niece had seen her and came out to meet her and help her with her bundles.

"Margery, I've got something to tell you," said Miss Nancy, anxious to have the matter disposed of. "I've thought it all over and I don't know but you're right about John Markham. It is foolish to let an old grudge stand in the way of young folks' happiness. I've concluded to let you do as you think best, and I've had the south forty deeded to you, and when John gets you he'll get that, too, if you see fit to turn it over to him. Anyway, it's yours to do just what you please with."

"Why, Aunt Nancy!" cried Margery, looking at her as if she felt sure she had gone crazy. "I thought you'd never consent to our marriage?"

"Folks change their minds sometimes," said Miss Nancy. "There! there! Don't hug me so or I'll drop this band-box. I hear a whistle down the road that sounds like John's. You'd better go and tell him the news, and by and by, after I've had a cup of tea, bring him in to see me."

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Send your name and address to the Oakville Company, Waterbury, Conn., and mention The New York Ledger, and you will receive, postpaid, samples of the Clinton Safety Pin, their new Sovran Pin and a funny colored animal booklet for the children. This is a special offer to our readers, and will be discontinued as soon as the booklets are exhausted. —a.

QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK.

To-day, September 7, says the "New York Tribune," though heralded with no ceremonial pomp and marked with no extraordinary jubilation, is an occasion of deep personal interest to many of the chief royal families of Europe. It is the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Queen Louise of Denmark. Under ordinary circumstances that fact might be of small significance. It is no unprecedented thing for people to live so long, and the Danish Kingdom is too far reduced from its once commanding estate for the personal details of its royalties, simply as such, to receive special consideration. But this is no ordinary personality. Queen Louise has made so broad and strong a mark upon the history of her age and has bound to herself with the most potent of ties so many of the royal and imperial personages of Europe that she is and must be regarded with a peculiar interest not surpassed by that investing more than one other female sovereign of the present century.

"The Mother-in-Law of Europe" Her Majesty has been called, in jocose reference to her achievements as a matrimonial diplomat, and the distinction is not undeserved. Of her three daughters one is Princess of Wales and will one day be Queen and Empress of the greatest realm the sun shines upon, the second has been Empress and is now Dowager-Empress of the second greatest empire in the world, and the third is the wife of a king who is kept from his kingdom only by superior force. Of her three sons one will succeed to the Danish throne, one is King of the Hellenes, and the third is married into the most illustrious nonreigning royal family in the world. One son-in-law has been and one grandson now is Emperor of Russia; one son-in-law will be, and after him one grandson will be, King of England and Emperor of India; and one grandson is brother-in-law to the German Emperor. If there is at the present day a more splendid combination of domestic and dynastic alliances its record is not apparent.

This, however, is not the only cause for paying homage to the venerable Queen. It was she who in troublous times made and kept her husband King. She let her own title to the throne be passed to him. She was at his side in that stormy homecoming, and when the mob howled "Down with him!" and smashed the palace windows, and spat in her daughter's face, and smote her on the cheek with a stone, she never flinched nor wavered. But for her courage and counsel he might have fled; with her at his side that was impossible. And so, by sheer forbearance and endurance he conquered hatred and turned it into love. It is she who, many a time, through maternal influence has swayed the policies of courts and governments, always toward peace and righteousness. It is she who, in an age too largely dissolute, has given to the world an impeccable example of domestic virtue in at least two generations of the Danish royal line; by no means the least of her, and her husband's, and her children's claims to honor.

And the beauty of it is that in it all, in marrying her daughters to future emperors, and in governing Europe at family reunions and in motherly letters, she has borne herself with the same simplicity and gentle human kindness that she showed when her husband was a poor drawing-master and she a busy, working housewife, and her children were learning to make their own dresses or tilling the garden. Her life has been lived close to the heart of humanity, and that heart may well throb to-day more warmly than is its wont, with congratulations to her on the glad fulfilment of her eightieth year and with earnest wishes for even yet many more years of happy life and peaceful reign.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S ADVICE ABOUT FICTION.

Remember that you can only hope to succeed by producing a faithful picture; your setting must be true; your costume must be correct; your atmosphere, your play of light and shade must be painted from nature. You must, therefore, make up your mind to observe as the first condition of fiction.

Next, you must remember that no one

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

FREE
To introduce our Celebrated **France** Treatment, we will send it **Free** (in a plain case) by mail, for a limited time to ladies suffering from any disease, weakness or disability peculiar to their sex. Address
DR. FRANCE & CO., 21 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, O.

$1.00 Per Month Tuition
$1 MAKES A LAWYER
Methods new and satisfaction guaranteed. For particulars address WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE LAW SCHOOL, 1421 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

POINTS Two best joke books published. 10c. each, postpaid. Monitor Co., Cincinnati, O. SCRAPS

GUARANTEED . . SINGING . . MALE MOCKING BIRDS
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CANCER CURED
Cancer and Tumor Cured without the aid of knife or plaster, and without pain.
A treatise, testimonials and letter of advice free. Address.
C. H. MASON, M. D.,
CHATHAM, N. Y.

can succeed in fiction who has not the power of "grip." You must be able to hold your audience. It is impossible to teach how that can be done. But the first outward and visible sign of it is generally, not always, dramatic situation and dramatic dialogue.

Thirdly, let your subject be strong, admitting of dramatic situation.

Fourthly, let your characters be clear and distinct. Do not aim at the portraiture of subtle and manysided characters. They may come later, or they may not. Let your characters be clearly intelligible, and always true to themselves in their action and in their dialogue.

Fifthly, take care not to weaken your page by long descriptions. Aim at describing all that is necessary in a few touches and the rest in dialogue.

Sixthly, plan out your narrative for a certain length in a certain number of chapters. If the plot is simple, with few incidents, let your chapters be few and your story short.

Seventhly, learn to pay attention to style. Read the works of the greatest writers and observe how their style contributes to the interest of the page. But remember that style is not everything; that it should be subservient to the story, and that a great deal of what is called style is nothing but fashion.

There are a great many other rules which I could offer, but these may suffice for a beginning. I do not add to these rules a warning to avoid vulgarity; but, indeed, one has to consider that danger. A great many of the manuscripts sent to me are deplorably vulgar. Even the most vulgar people do not, as a rule, desire vulgar writing, though, no doubt, some do.

LADIES.

Dr. Gould, Newport, Ky., will send free relief for all female complaints. Write him. To readers of this paper only. —a.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN.

I have learned of a very simple home treatment which will readily cure female disorders. It is nature's own remedy, and I will gladly send it free to every suffering woman. Address, Mabel E. Rush, Joliet, Ill. —a.

WITHDRAWAL OF THROUGH PARLOR CAR SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CAPE MAY.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announuces that the through parlor-car service between New York and Cape May on train leaving New York at 12.55 P. M., and returning on train leaving Cape May at 7.00 A. M., has been discontinued. —a.

THE CHRISTY KNIFE

Is undoubtedly the best knife for cutting bread, cake, etc., that is manufactured, but like most good things, it has had many imitations that are worthless. Be sure to get the genuine. They are sold by H. C. Brown, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. See advertisement on outside page of this issue of the *Ledger*. —a.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER

Wants to have a good tea. The Great American Tea Co., 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York, (P. O. Box 290), have built up a splendid reputation all over the country by their square dealing and straightforward business methods. Their teas are reliable in quality and reasonable in price. In addition, very attractive presents are given with each pound of tea sold. Do not fail to send at once for their new Illustrated Premium and Price List. See advertisement on page 14 of this issue of the *Ledger*. —a.

TOURS TO THE SOUTH VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A very attractive early Autumn tour will be run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving New York and Philadelphia October 12.

It is hardly necessary to say that this outing is planned with the utmost care, and that all arrangements are adjusted so as to afford the best possible means of visiting each place to the best advantage.

The tour covers a period of eleven days, and includes the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, the cities of Richmond and Washington and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $65 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia and proportionate rates from other points.

The tour will be in charge of one of the company's Tourist Agents. He will be assisted by an experienced lady as Chaperon, whose especial charge will be ladies unaccompanied by male escort.

Special trains of parlor cars are provided for the exclusive use of each party, in which the entire round trip from New York is made.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. —a.

FREE to Ladies and Girls. A Genuine Solid Gold Ring or a Gold Watch for a few minutes work. Write at once for particulars. M. R. Company, 55 Dearborn St., Chicago

IF AILING investigate "The New Light for the World." No Medicine. No Doctor's Bills. Write to E. TAYLOR & CO., CLEVELAND, O.

LADIES, BOYS AND GIRLS to distribute samples of baking powder and get a camera, gold filled watch or bicycle free. For particulars address National Consolidated Co., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED LADIES, Send 25c. for new invention to prevent your hat blowing off. G. J. JOHNSON, Nat. G. A. Bank, St. Paul, Minn.

THIS ELEGANT WATCH The handsomest and finest looking solid 14k gold filled All American Watch on Earth. To introduce it, one in every county or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Enclose stamp to WILLIAMS WATCH CO., 104 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Envelopes. Where to get them FREE. Information and 25 samples 10 cents. GEO. MALLORY, Kearney, Mo.

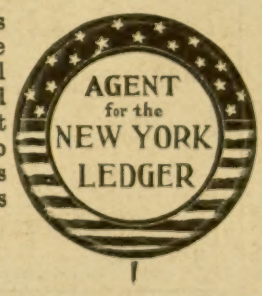
A SHORT CUT TO RICHES! Patent that Idea! I tell you how to do it without capital. Write HEBER S. PARAMORE, Patent Atty., 25 Burford Block, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PATENTS PATTISON & NESBIT, Wash., D. C. Advice as to patentability and Inventors' Guide free. Mention New York *Ledger*.

LADIES *A regulator that* **cannot fail** *Particulars & proof for stamp* Box 578, Toronto, Canada

LADIES I Make Big Wages —At Home— and want all to have same opportunity. The work is very pleasant and will easily pay $18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c. stamp. Miss M. E. STEBBINS, Lawrence, Mich.

This cut gives the exact size of the beautiful Red, White and Blue Button sent free of all cost to all boys and girls acting as agents for the NEW YORK LEDGER.



WANTED
Bright Boys and Girls
— TO —
Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out this coupon and send it at once:

.....189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

How many papers first week .....

Appointed by .....

Address NEW YORK LEDGER,
Ledger Building, New York City.

Wanted Bright Boys and Girls
TO ACT AS AGENTS.

Watches Given Away to Ledger Agents.

No. 1. The proprietors of the **New York Ledger** hereby offer to give, free of all cost, to any boy or girl who will sell **10 New York Ledgers for 20 Weeks,** the watch described below. If any boy or girl does not want to wait 20 weeks to get this watch, it can be secured by selling **20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks,** that is, averaging a sale of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

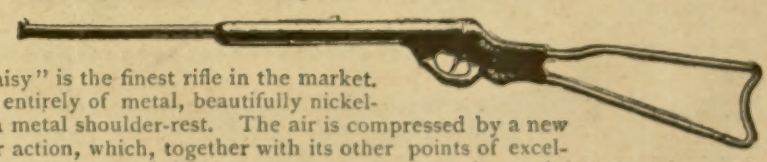
Free to Boys and Girls.
WATCH AND CHAIN.

This cut exactly represents (three-quarter size) the "Climax" watch with chain and charm. A first-class timekeeper, fully guaranteed by the manufacturers, as follows: "If any of our watches, within one year from date of sale, fail to keep good time we will repair or replace them free of charge." It is fully equal in appearance to any nickel or silver watch made. The case is of heavy metal, substantial and perfectly fitted. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter. It is sent securely packed, and in the box is placed a serviceable chain. In the times of our grandfathers, such a watch, even if it could have been made, would have cost a considerable sum of money. This watch is not for sale, but is sent free, postpaid, as a gift to every boy and girl who sells the number of copies of the *New York Ledger* required by the above offer, namely, an average of

10 New York Ledgers for 20 Weeks, or 20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks.

The Daisy Air Rifle.

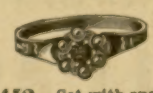
No. 4.



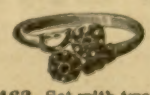
The "Daisy" is the finest rifle in the market. It is made entirely of metal, beautifully nickel-plated, with metal shoulder-rest. The air is compressed by a new patent-lever action, which, together with its other points of excellence, makes it the peer of all other air guns. As shown in cut, it is extremely neat in outline and appearance. Universal praise is the rule from purchasers of the "Daisy." It shoots B. B. shot with great accuracy. Each rifle is sighted and tested before leaving the shop. No powder! No smoke! No noise! This rifle will be given, *free of all charge*, to the boy or girl who will sell....

10 New York Ledgers for 20 Weeks, or 20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks.

No. 20. RINGS for Boys and Girls.



No. 1452. Set with one Ruby and six real Pearls.



No. 1463. Set with two Rubies.

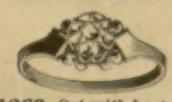
No. 483. Set with one Sard Cameo.

All are Standard Quality of Solid Gold.

No. 789. Set with best quality imitation Diamond.

☞ A narrow strip of paper which will just fit around the second knuckle of the finger on which the ring is to be worn must always be sent, so as to insure the ring's being the proper size.

No. 777. Set with best quality imitation Diamond.



No. 1269. Set with best quality imitation Diamond.

No. 579¼. Set with one Ruby.

Any one of these Rings will be sent, *free of all charge*, to the boy or girl who will sell....

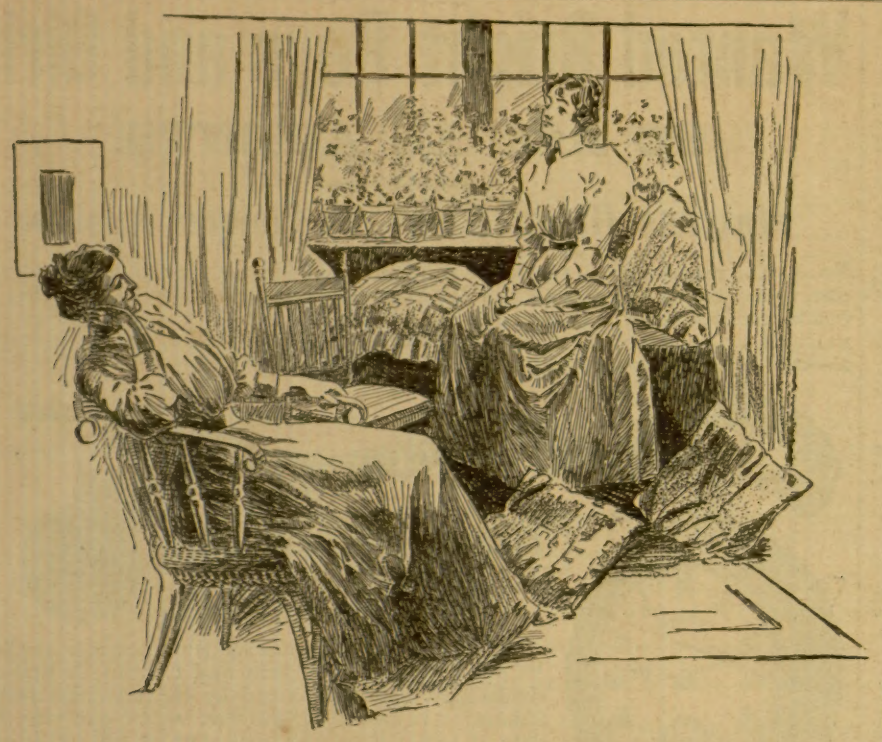
10 New York Ledgers for 20 Weeks, or 20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks.

Baltimorean Printing Press.

No. 3. Made on the same mechanical principles and with the same care as the large expensive presses. It is strong where strength is needed, and accurately adjusted, so that **perfect printing** may be done without skill in making ready. The outfit contains: A font of long primer type in a handsome case, a can of best black ink, furniture for locking up type, a pair of tweezers, a pack of blank cards, and full instructions. This is the outfit for the boys. With it they will make money and obtain most profitable amusement and instruction. This printing outfit will be given, *free of all charge*, to the boy or girl who will sell **10 New York Ledgers for 20 weeks, or 20 Ledgers for 10 weeks.**

Send for complete PREMIUM LIST, containing many new and attractive offers for Boys and Girls who will sell the NEW YORK LEDGER every week.

NEW YORK LEDGER, Ledger Building, N. Y. City.



CLARA: Your brother ought to marry; he's too good a man to be wasted.
MAUDE: But he thinks he oughtn't to, you know, because he's a minister.
CLARA: I suppose it's because he may have a son, and you know what minister's sons usually are.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED," TRY

SAPOLIO

THE CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE.

The peculiar wavy edge of this knife does the work of cutting with less effort, and does it quicker, than any other knife ever invented.
Hot, new bread cut as thin as old; frosted cake cut without breaking; meat cut without shreds. No knife has ever had so many cheap and worthless imitations. The genuine Christy knife is made of finely tempered highest grade steel, stays sharp and is fully warranted. Each blade is stamped "CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE." Your dealer will return your money in case of dissatisfaction. Insist on having the genuine.
Our London model as above, sent to any address, neatly boxed, on receipt of 75 cents. H. C. BROWN, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, Selling Agent.

FREE! $150.00 IN CASH

We print here a list of words. They are sets of letters jumbled together from which can be made names of eight cities in the United States. For instance, CGOIHAC can be transposed into Chicago and so on down the list. We will give:

GCOHIAC
LPIHAILPEDAH
WNE KYRO
OTNBSO
HISGNNOAWT
MOITRALBE
TANALAT
NANEPIMLIOS

FIRST CASH PRIZE.
$50.00 to ten persons sending first correct answers.
SECOND CASH PRIZE.
$50.00 to next 20 persons sending correct answers.
THIRD CASH PRIZE.
$50.00 to next 50 persons sending correct answers.

Should more than the required number send correct answers, the awards will be made according to date letter is mailed, hence it is advisable that your letter should be among the first. You can win one of these prizes if you are quick and use your brains. The above rewards are given **free** as an inducement to read **New Ideas,** a handsome 16-page illustrated journal covering an entirely new field. It gives information about the latest inventions and progress in science, illustrating the most striking novelties for business and household use. Its subscription price is the only cheap thing about it. Send answer to-day!
OUR CONDITIONS.—You must send with your answer 25 cents (stamps or silver) for a Six Months' Trial Subscription to **New Ideas.**

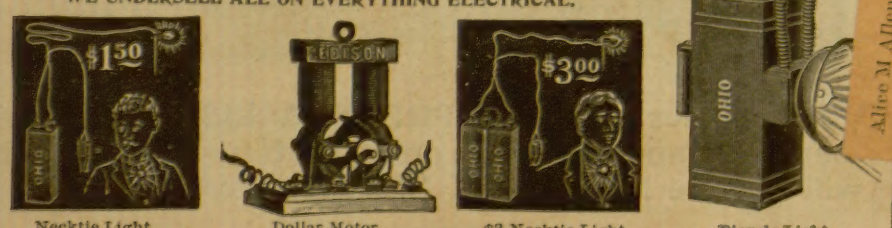
ALL SURE OF A PRIZE!

Aside from the prizes above named, we will give a **special prize** to each person who sends an answer, whether correct or not, provided that 25 cents in silver or stamps be sent for a six months' subscription to **New Ideas.** These special prizes are awarded along the line of **Novelties, Music, Decorative Art, History** and **Fiction. Be sure to state** in letter **which you want.** This contest will close Saturday, October 30th, and names of prize winners will be announced in December number of **New Ideas.** Address,

"NEW IDEAS," Station K, 73, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The 4 Leading Electric Novelties.

WE UNDERSELL ALL ON EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL.



Necktie Light. Dollar Motor. $3 Necktie Light. Bicycle Light.

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, O.
Agents Wanted. HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES. Catalogues Free.

IVORY · SOAP

IT FLOATS

The Traveler who would thoroughly enjoy his toilet and bath must carry a half cake in his toilet case.

New Laurels
for 1897 Columbias and Hartfords—credit that every bicycle rider can appreciate.

We have not seen a single spoke in any 1897 Columbia or Hartford bicycle broken through defect.

THERE'S PROOF OF QUALITY AND STRENGTH FOR YOU!

1897 Columbia Bicycles
$75 TO ALL ALIKE.
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.
1897 Hartfords $50
Hartford Pattern 2, Women's 45
Hartford Pattern 1, Men's . 40
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

OWN A TEN ACRE FRUIT & TRUCK FARM
in the Garden State of Delaware, near all the large markets of the country. Only 5 hours from New York, near Rail Roads, School and Post Office. High rolling lands, no hills or stones, rich soil, mild healthy climate, only short distance from sea shore, plenty of fishing and hunting. $10 down, balance in small monthly payments. Send for our paper which gives full information. **Delaware Land and Improvement Company,** 11 Broadway, New York City.

THREE NEW 2-STEP MARCHES
Piano or organ, one from Sousa, all by mail, 10c. silver.
C. J. SIMPSON, 1005 G St., Washington, D. C.

Perfumed Starch Tablets
Prevent the irons from sticking, perfume the clothes, and give them a fine gloss. Very liberal commission to agents. Sample box by mail, postpaid, only 8 cts.
TURNER & CO., 668 Chauncey St., Bklyn, N.Y.

CLAIRVOYANCE—*Free. If sick,* send now, your name, age, sex, lock of hair, and 2 stamps to DR. D. Hinkly, X 18 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bi of us and sav haf.—Our prices make men towk al day and wimen all nite.

Nu Loudon Red Rasbery, Red Kros Curant & Persimons speshaltes. Fal Katolog redy now. Surplus of Kurant, Pear, Plum, Chery. Send for list of bargins, 100 Kar lods tres to sel. Hav you sen Gren's 'Frute Grower? Phonetic speling. Address GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.
We offer 10 pear trees free with each $5.00 worth of stock ordered on or before Oct. 15, at prices in catalog.

MOREY GAS BURNERS, $2.50
Center not "Mineral Ashes" but lasts 40 years. Testimonials from Hon. Benj. Harrison, Lyman Abbott, D. D., and Gov. Matthews. AGENTS OF MEANS GIVEN EXCLUSIVE SALE. Also Morey's "Mitralouse" for 1896, $1.50, indestructible.
A. G. MOREY, Inventor & Mfr., LAGRANGE, ILL.

LITERARY GEMS.
We publish 12 Literary Gems, forwarded prepaid for $1.00. Sample and list 10c. Monitor Co., Cincinnati, O.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SHORTHAND taught by MAIL. First lesson FREE. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

$7,800 GIVEN AWAY
To persons making the greatest number of words out of the phrase "Patent Attorney Wedderburn." For full particulars write the National Recorder, Washington, D. C., for sample copy containing same.

$3.75/100 A $25 WATCH for $3.75/100
That's what you will say when you see this magnificent full engraved hunting case watch, fitted complete with high grade ELGIN Style movement absolutely guaranteed for 5 years.
Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the express office and if as represented pay the express agent our special introductory price $3.75 and it is yours.
Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want gent's or lady's size and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for sixty days only. Address
R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

$6,205.00 IN GOLD and over 1,500 PRIZES that are attractive to all TO BE GIVEN AWAY absolutely FREE by

The COLUMBIAN

To further introduce the magazine into new families, THE COLUMBIAN to-day has the largest circulation of any publication in this territory except the *Youth's Companion*. We expect soon to pass it. Our last contest for the largest list of words from the nine letters in the word COLUMBIAN proved highly successful. Full list of winners was recently published. We now offer hundreds of valuable and attractive prizes to those who form the greatest number of words from the 13 letters in the two words
T-H-E C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A-N.
Here are samples: The, tan, tea, can, calm, cabin, am, aim, bin, lamb, etc. *Every person who makes a list of fifteen words or more will receive a prize.* You can think up words with the help given you above. RULES: English words only; use no letter more than once in any one word; use words spelled alike but once; use any legitimate word, including proper nouns, pronouns, prefixes, suffixes. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the twelve letters in the words THE COLUMBIAN *will receive* $100, *the second* $50, *the two next* $10 *each, the two next a fine* Bicycle *each, the four next* $5 *each, the* 100 *next a* $2 Kombi Camera *each, the* 500 *next a life subscription to* THE COLUMBIAN, *the five next a good* American Watch *each, the ten next* $1 *each, the next* 1,000 *each an extra year's subscription to* THE COLUMBIAN. *Over* 1,500 *Prizes.*
SPECIAL! In addition to the above *grand prizes* we shall give away *absolutely free* hundreds of dollars worth of PRIZE BUDGETS to all who send lists of fifteen words or more. PRIZE BUDGETS sent, all charges prepaid, same day as lists are received. *Grand Prizes* will be awarded as soon as possible after close of contest, which will be on Christmas Eve, and list of winners published in first possible issue thereafter. REMEMBER, every contestant sending a list of fifteen words or more will receive by immediate return a PRIZE BUDGET, consisting of book of over *seventy novels* and *stories* by most popular authors, a score of late songs, with words and music, *a great collection* of jokes, magic tricks, puzzles, parlor games, cooking and money making receipts, secrets of toilet, Fortune Telling, Dictionary of Dreams, etc.
To Enter the Contest you must send 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps, for six months trial subscription, with your list of words. Every person sending a subscription with list of fifteen words or more will receive THE COLUMBIAN six months, a PRIZE BUDGET *free*, sent same day list is received, and a *Grand Prize* according to length of list. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Any publisher or bank in this city can be referred to as to our reliability. We make these offers to thoroughly establish THE COLUMBIAN as a National Literary success. Make up your list at once and send 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Address
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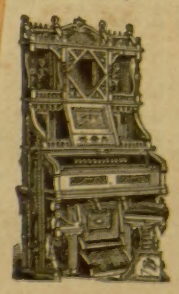

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